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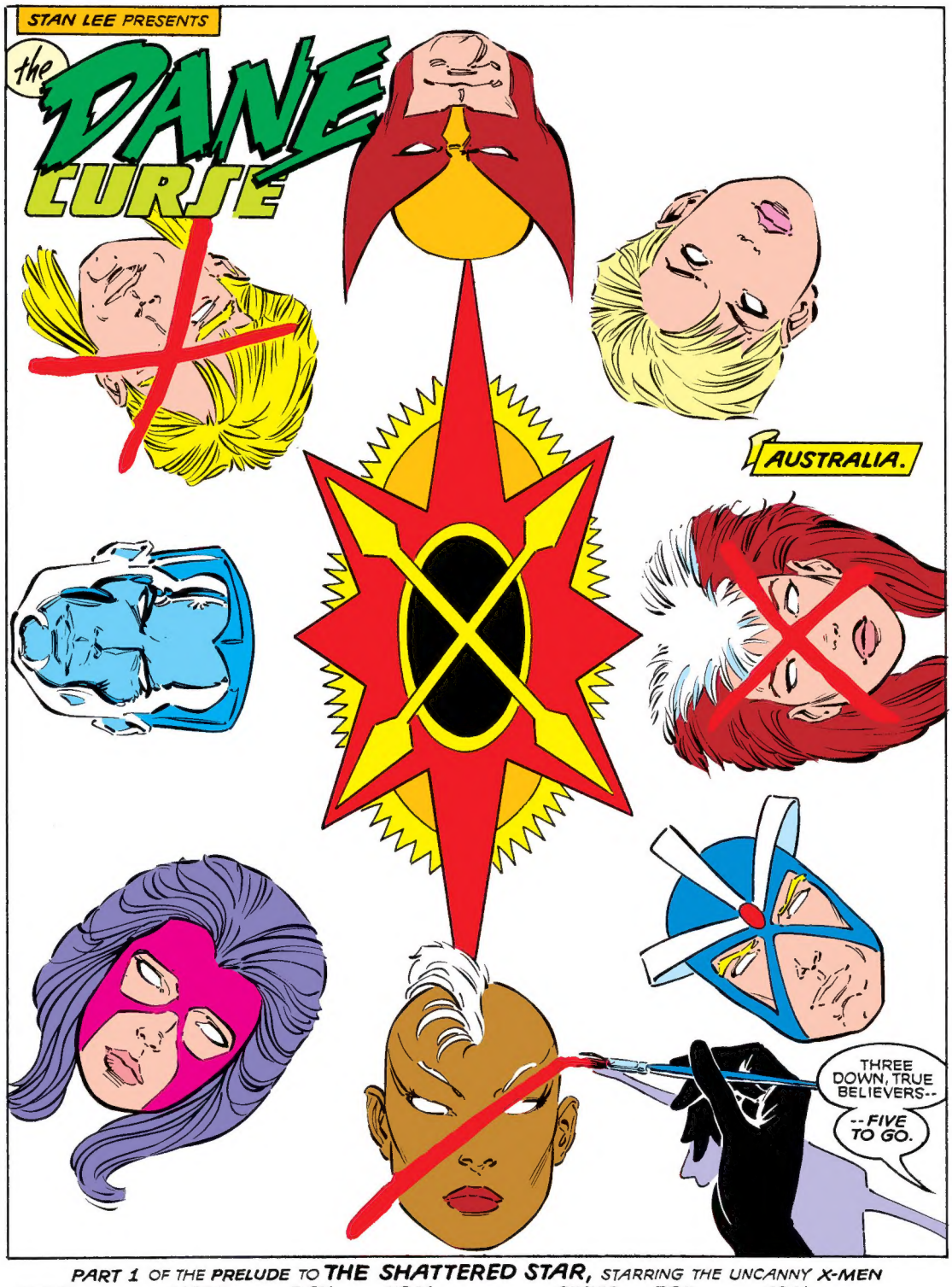

PART 1 OF THE PRELUDE TO **THE SHATTERED STAR,** STARRING THE UNCANNY X-MEN

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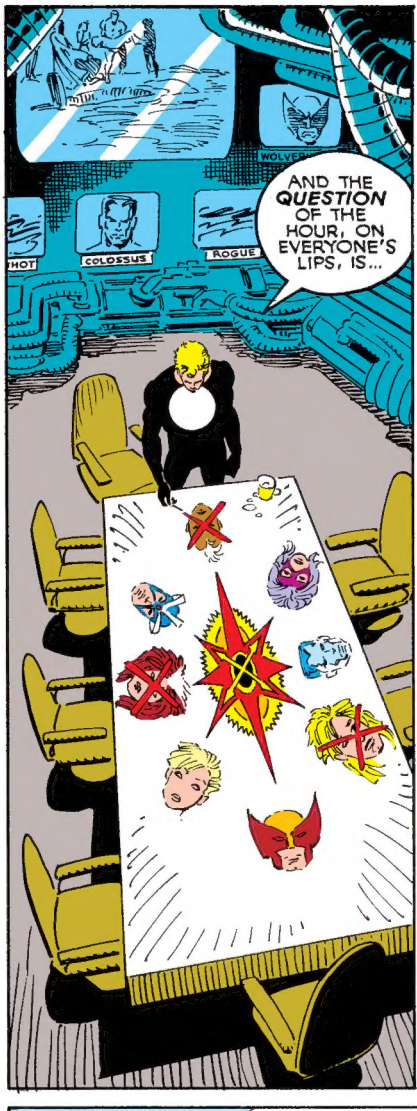
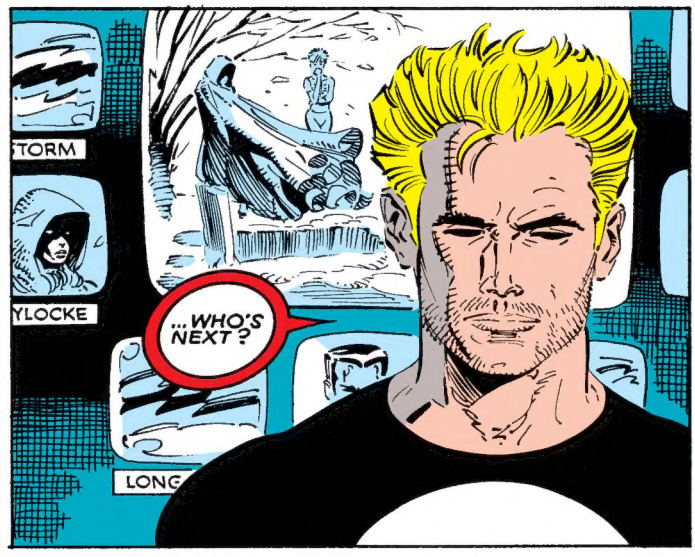
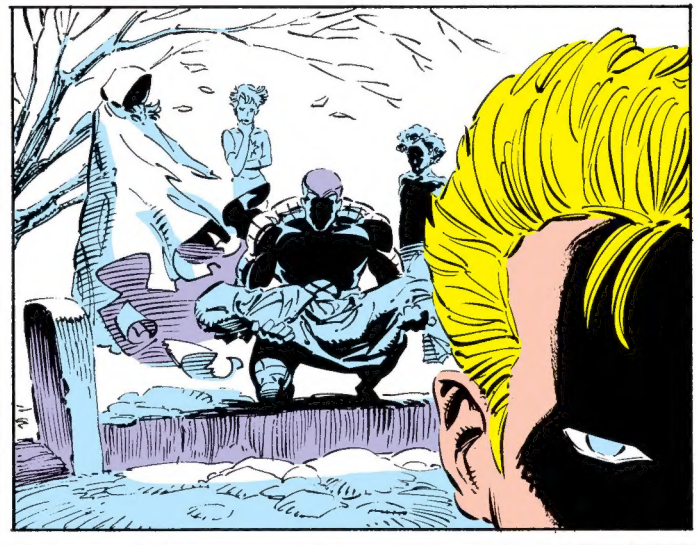
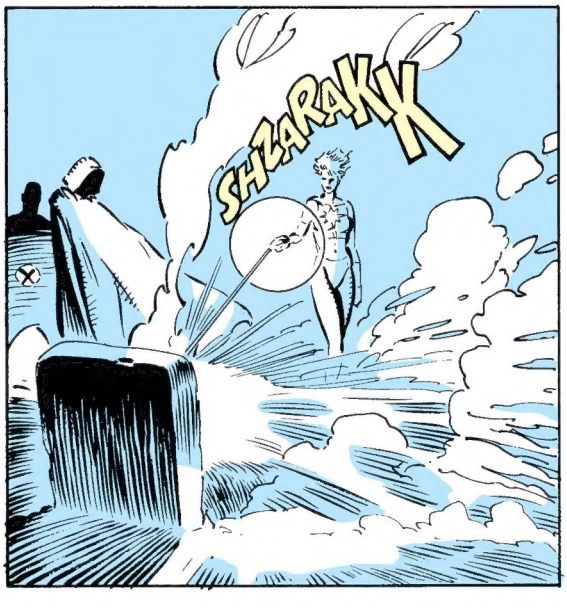
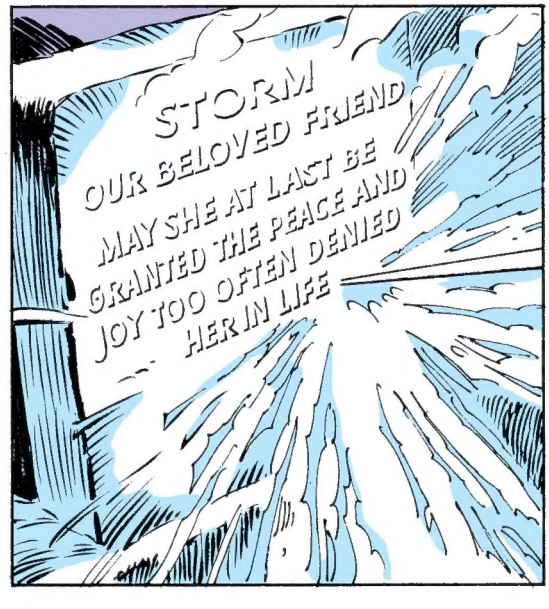
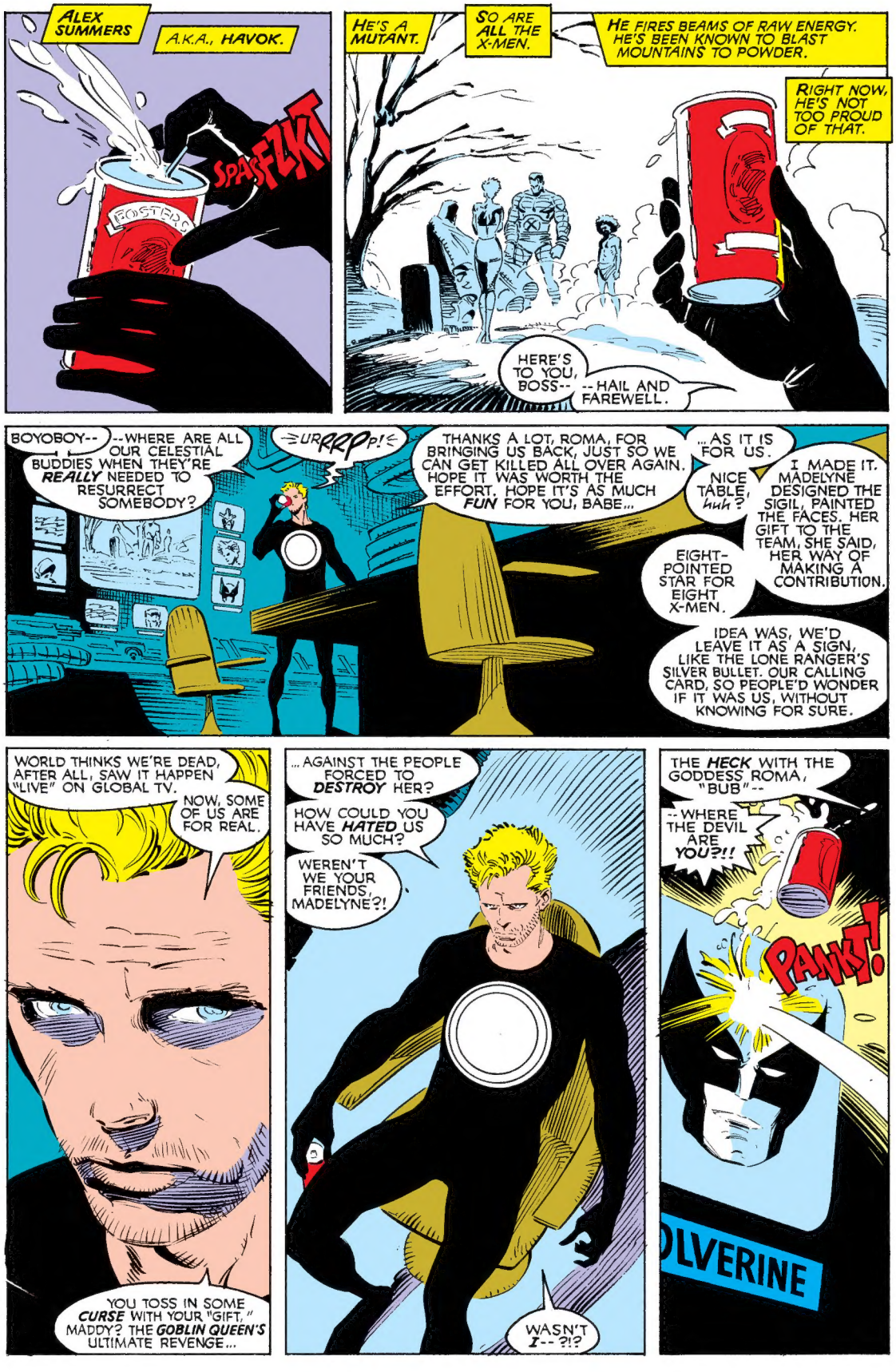

AND THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR, ON EVERYONE'S LIPS, IS...
WOLVER
HOT
COLOSSUS
ROGUE

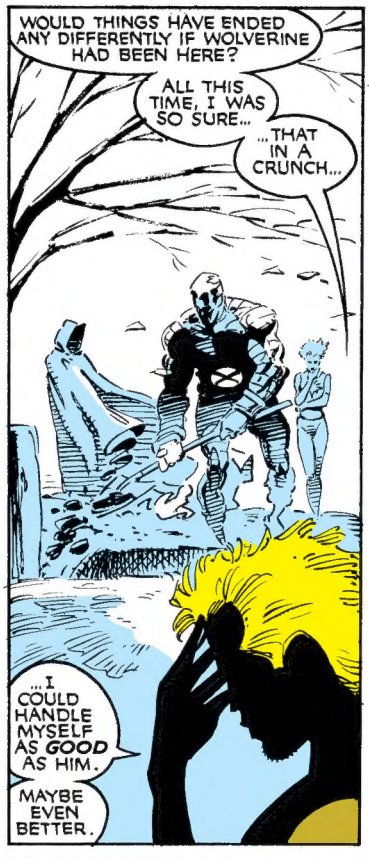

STORM
YLOCKE
...WHO'S NEXT?
LONG

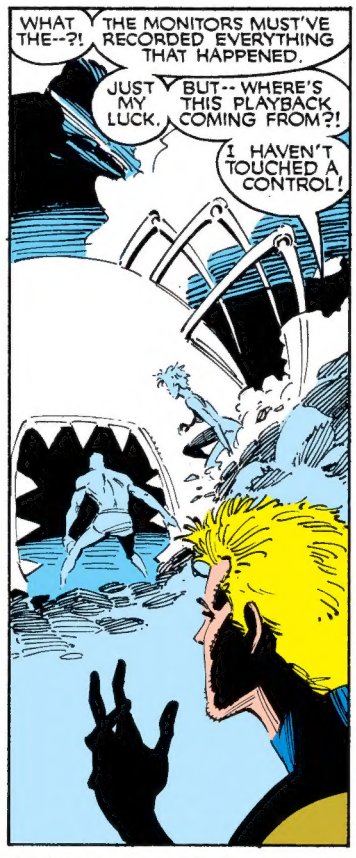


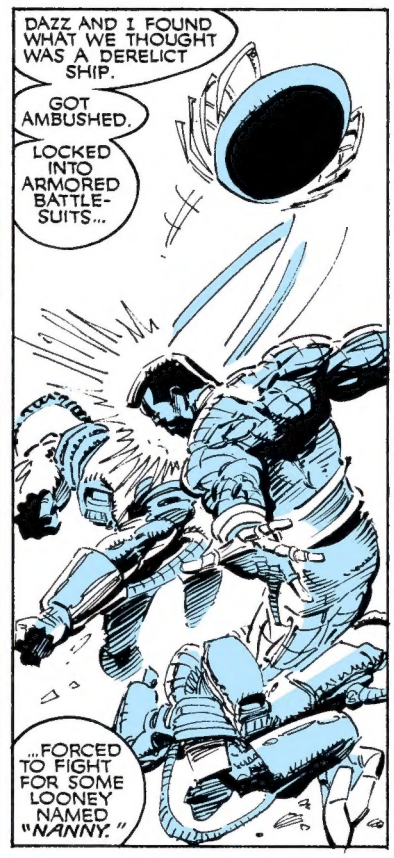

SHZZRAKKK


STORM
OUR BELOVED FRIEND
MAY SHE AT LAST BE
GRANTED THE PEACE AND
JOY TOO OFTEN DENIED
HER IN LIFE


ALEX SUMMERS
A.K.A., HAVOK.
SPASSZKT
HE'S A MUTANT.
SO ARE ALL THE X-MEN.
HE FIRES BEAMS OF RAW ENERGY. HE'S BEEN KNOWN TO BLAST MOUNTAINS TO POWDER.
RIGHT NOW, HE'S NOT TOO PROUD OF THAT.
HERE'S TO YOU, BOSS--
--HAIL AND FAREWELL.
BOYOBOY--
--WHERE ARE ALL OUR CELESTIAL BUDDIES WHEN THEY'RE REALLY NEEDED TO RESURRECT SOMEBODY?
URRRPP!
THANKS A LOT, ROMA, FOR BRINGING US BACK, JUST SO WE CAN GET KILLED ALL OVER AGAIN. HOPE IT WAS WORTH THE EFFORT. HOPE IT'S AS MUCH FUN FOR YOU, BABE...
...AS IT IS FOR US.
NICE TABLE, huh?
I MADE IT. MADELYNE DESIGNED THE SIGIL, PAINTED THE FACES. HER GIFT TO THE TEAM, SHE SAID, HER WAY OF MAKING A CONTRIBUTION.
EIGHT-POINTED STAR FOR EIGHT X-MEN.
IDEA WAS, WE'D LEAVE IT AS A SIGN, LIKE THE LONE RANGER'S SILVER BULLET. OUR CALLING CARD, SO PEOPLE'D WONDER IF IT WAS US, WITHOUT KNOWING FOR SURE.
WORLD THINKS WE'RE DEAD, AFTER ALL, SAW IT HAPPEN "LIVE" ON GLOBAL TV.
NOW, SOME OF US ARE FOR REAL.
YOU TOSS IN SOME CURSE WITH YOUR "GIFT," MADDY? THE GOBLIN QUEEN'S ULTIMATE REVENGE...
...AGAINST THE PEOPLE FORCED TO DESTROY HER?
HOW COULD YOU HAVE HATED US SO MUCH?
WEREN'T WE YOUR FRIENDS, MADELYNE?!
WASN'T I--?!?
THE HECK WITH THE GODDESS ROMA, "BUB"--
--WHERE THE DEVIL ARE YOU?!!
PANKT!
OLVERINE

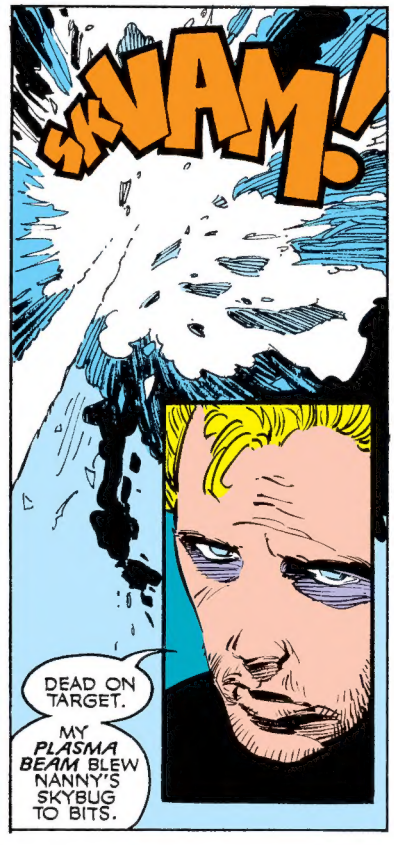

WOULD THINGS HAVE ENDED ANY DIFFERENTLY IF WOLVERINE HAD BEEN HERE?
ALL THIS TIME, I WAS SO SURE...
...THAT IN A CRUNCH...
...I COULD HANDLE MYSELF AS GOOD AS HIM.
MAYBE EVEN BETTER.


WHAT THE--?!
THE MONITORS MUST'VE RECORDED EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED.
JUST MY LUCK.
BUT-- WHERE'S THIS PLAYBACK COMING FROM?!
I HAVEN'T TOUCHED A CONTROL!


DAZZ AND I FOUND WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS A DERELICT SHIP.
GOT AMBUSHED.
LOCKED INTO ARMORED BATTLE-SUITS...
...FORCED TO FIGHT FOR SOME LOONEY NAMED "NANNY."

SHE WAS AFTER THE X-MEN.
SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?
BUT WITH OUR HELP-- SHE'D GRABBED PSYLOCKE, TOO-- SHE ALMOST PULLED IT OFF.
WHEN COLOSSUS BUSTED ME LOOSE...

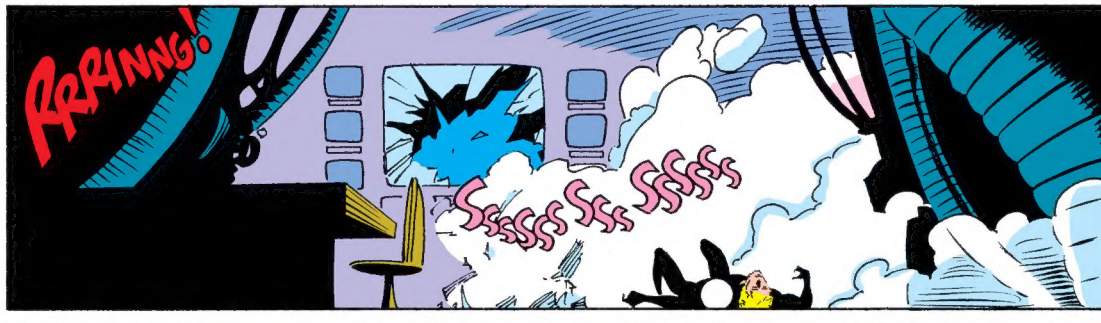
...NANNY WAS MAKING HER GETAWAY.
I WAS SO SPACED...
...I REACTED WITHOUT THINKING.

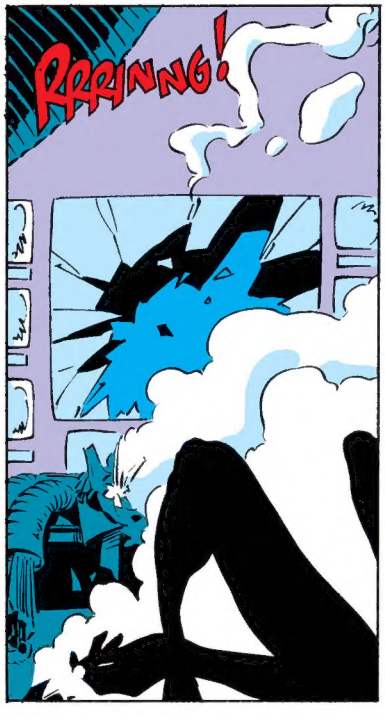

SKWAM!
DEAD ON TARGET.
MY PLASMA BEAM BLEW NANNY'S SKYBUG TO BITS.

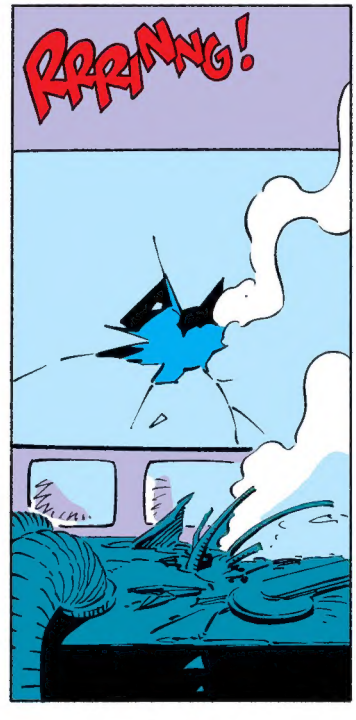
ONLY PROBLEM WAS, STORM HAD BEEN TRYING TO STOP HER, TOO.
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT--

--ONE OF THOSE STUPID, POINTLESS, LOUSY THINGS THAT JUST SEEM TO HAPPEN SOMETIMES--
--BUT I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER!
I SHOULD HAVE DONE BETTER!
ZARK!

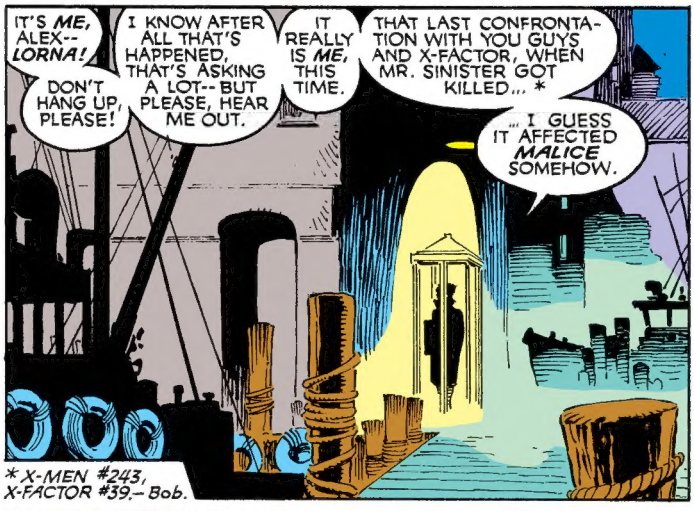
COMPUTER-- BACKFLASHING-- EXPLOSION--
UNNGNH
SKBAM!


RRRINNG!
SSSSSS SSS SSSSS

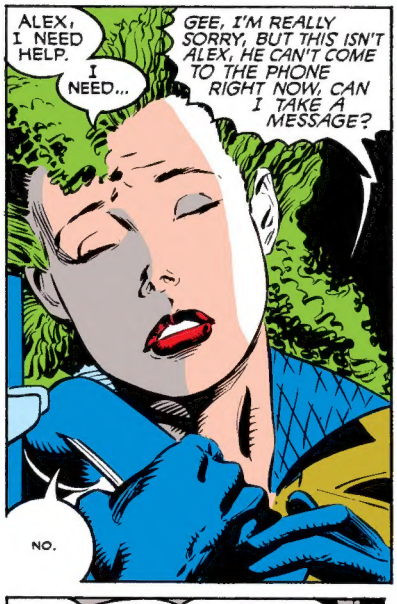

RRRINNG!


RRRINNG!

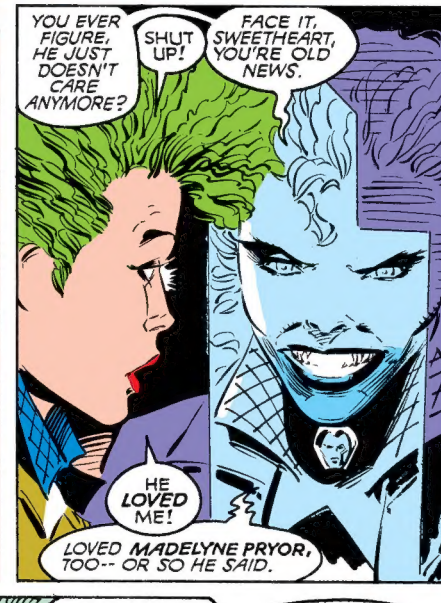
RRRIN-KLIK!
HELLO?
ALEX?!?
OH THANK HEAVEN, I PRAYED IT'D BE YOU WHO ANSWERED.
SHOT
COLOSSUS

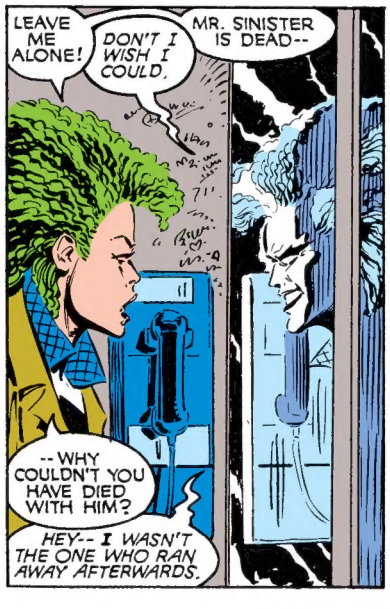

IT'S ME, ALEX-- LORNA!
DON'T HANG UP, PLEASE!
I KNOW AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED, THAT'S ASKING A LOT-- BUT PLEASE, HEAR ME OUT.
IT REALLY IS ME, THIS TIME.
THAT LAST CONFRONTATION WITH YOU GUYS AND X-FACTOR, WHEN MR. SINISTER GOT KILLED... *
... I GUESS IT AFFECTED MALICE SOMEHOW.
*X-MEN #243, X-FACTOR #39.– Bob.

MORE AND MORE, THESE PAST WEEKS, I'VE BEEN MYSELF.
I KEPT PICKING UP A PHONE.
BUT TILL TONIGHT...
...I NEVER HAD THE COURAGE TO MAKE THE CALL.


ALEX, I NEED HELP.
I NEED...
GEE, I'M REALLY SORRY, BUT THIS ISN'T ALEX, HE CAN'T COME TO THE PHONE RIGHT NOW. CAN I TAKE A MESSAGE?
NO.

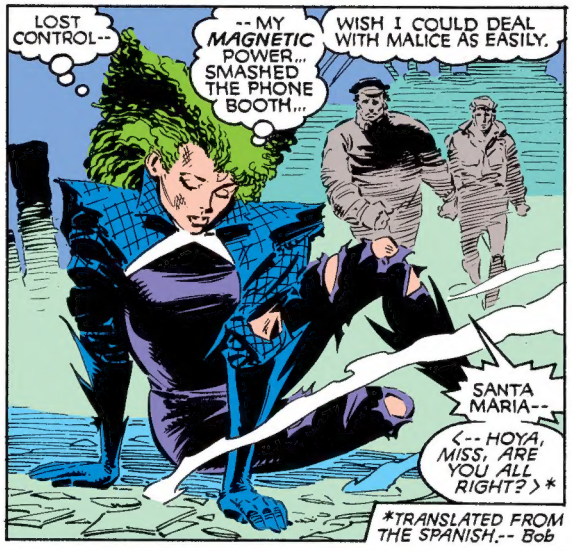
POOOOR BAYBEE!
MALICE!


YOU EVER FIGURE, HE JUST DOESN'T CARE ANYMORE?
SHUT UP!
FACE IT, SWEETHEART, YOU'RE OLD NEWS.
HE LOVED ME!
LOVED MADELYNE PRYOR, TOO-- OR SO HE SAID.

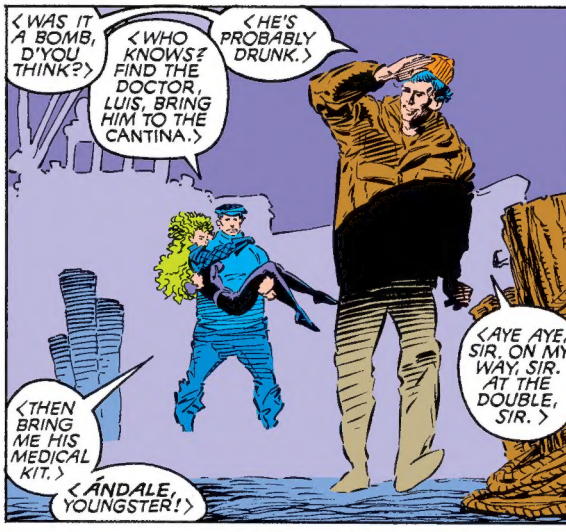

LEAVE ME ALONE!
DON'T I WISH I COULD.
MR. SINISTER IS DEAD--
-- WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE DIED WITH HIM?
HEY-- I WASN'T THE ONE WHO RAN AWAY AFTERWARDS.

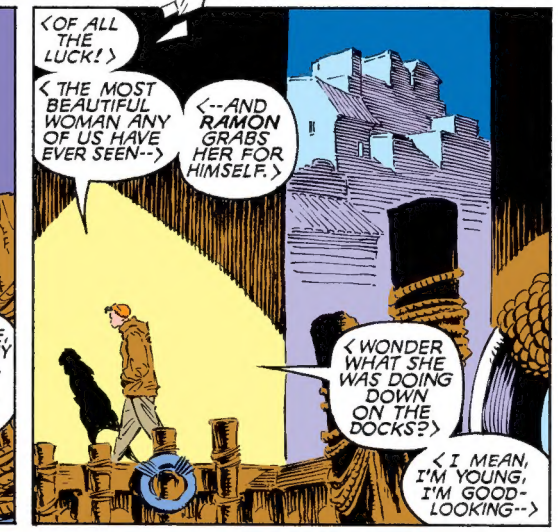
YOU COULD'VE SURRENDERED TO YOUR PALS, BUT YOU DIDN'T.
PROBABLY BECAUSE YOU FORCED ME.
DEAR LITTLE LORNA, IF I WAS AS IN CONTROL AS YOU LIKE TO THINK, WE WOULDN'T BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION.

AND WHAT MAKES IT REALLY DELICIOUS IS THE FACT THAT IN THE FINAL, BEDROCK ANALYSIS...
... ALL YOU'RE DOING HERE IS TALKING TO YOURSELF.
ZAKOW!
LIAR!

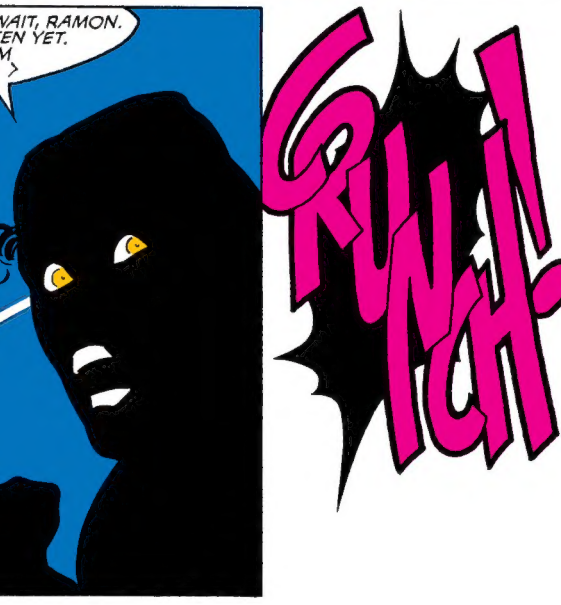

LOST CONTROL--
-- MY MAGNETIC POWER... SMASHED THE PHONE BOOTH...
WISH I COULD DEAL WITH MALICE AS EASILY.
SANTA MARIA--
<-- HOYA, MISS, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? > *
*TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.-- Bob

I... I'M SORRY, I DON'T...
'S'OKAY, I SPEAK SOME ENGLISH. YOU HURT?
I DON'T, ah, NO, I...
< RAMON, SHE'S BLEEDING! >
< SMALL WONDER, WITH ALL THIS GLASS ABOUT. >


< WAS IT A BOMB, D'YOU THINK? >
< WHO KNOWS? FIND THE DOCTOR, LUIS, BRING HIM TO THE CANTINA. >
< HE'S PROBABLY DRUNK. >
< AYE AYE, SIR. ON MY WAY, SIR. AT THE DOUBLE, SIR. >
< THEN BRING ME HIS MEDICAL KIT. >
< ÁNDALE, YOUNGSTER! >


< OF ALL THE LUCK! >
< THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ANY OF US HAVE EVER SEEN-- >
<-- AND RAMON GRABS HER FOR HIMSELF. >
< WONDER WHAT SHE WAS DOING DOWN ON THE DOCKS? >
< I MEAN, I'M YOUNG, I'M GOOD-LOOKING-- >

<-- WHAT'S THAT OLD SEADOG GOT THAT I DON'T? >
< IN EVERY PORT, THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE. IT ISN'T FAIR. >
< WHOOPS! THERE'S THE SHIP, ALMOST MISSED IT IN THE FOG. >

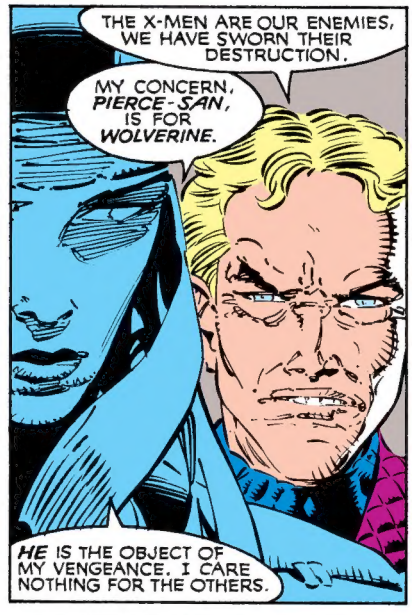

< JUST YOU WAIT, RAMON. I'M NOT BEATEN YET. THIS ONCE, I'M GIVING YOU-- >
--MADONNA!
CRUNCH!

AUSTRALIA.
THE DEVIL TAKE THIS--
--I HAVE HAD ENOUGH!
WHAT THE BLAZES WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
CAREFUL, COLE. DON'T LET HIM SPOT US.
CUT ME SOME SLACK, REESE.
THAT'S COLOSSUS, NOT WOLVERINE.
HE'S THE X-MEN'S MUSCLE...
...NOT THEIR TRACKER.
THERE IS NO HARM, TROOPER COLE...
...IN BEING PRUDENT.
THESE ARE THE RUSSIAN'S PAINTINGS AND SKETCHBOOKS.
WHY CAST THEM AWAY?
AND IN SUCH A RAGE??
WHO KNOWS, WHO CARES?
AIN'T ARTISTS S'POSED TA BE TEMPERMENTAL?
HEY, MAYBE HE DIDN'T LIKE WHAT HE DREW?
COLOSSUS IS THE MOST STABLE AND CENTERED OF THEM, THIS IS UNLIKE HIM.
TIME WE WERE ROLLIN', LADY DEATHSTRIKE.
WE DON'T WANT TO BLOW A GOOD RECON BY GETTING SPOTTED.

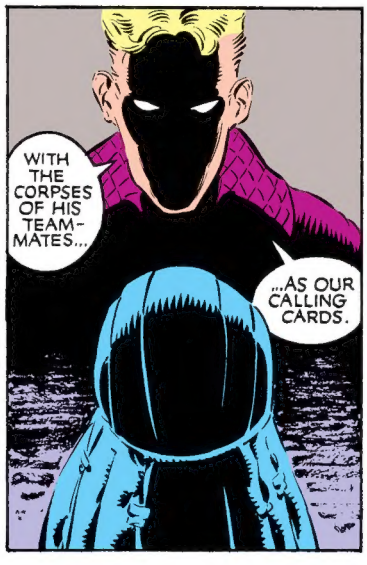
AND SO, SOMETIME LATER, SOME DISTANCE REMOVED...
THERE IS A GROWING EVOLUTION IN PETER RASPUTIN'S WORK...
...AS THOUGH HE WAS BEING CONSUMED BY FURY.

SEE THE VIOLENCE-- OF FORM AND CONTENT? LIFE IS A TORMENT FOR HIM.
NOT EVEN DEATH IS A RELEASE, MERELY THE PRELUDE TO GREATER TORTURES.
THERE IS NO JOY LEFT IN HIM.
A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART.
ALMOST A SHAME TO KILL SO KINDRED A SPIRIT.
BUT COLOSSUS IS BOTH MUTANT AND X-MAN AND THEREFORE...
...HIS FATE IS SEALED.

WE MAY ACTUALLY BE DOING THE LAD A KINDNESS...
...BY PUTTING HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY.
I HAVE NEVER BEHELD SO TORMENTED A SOUL.
MADAM-- DO I DETECT A NOTE OF MERCY?

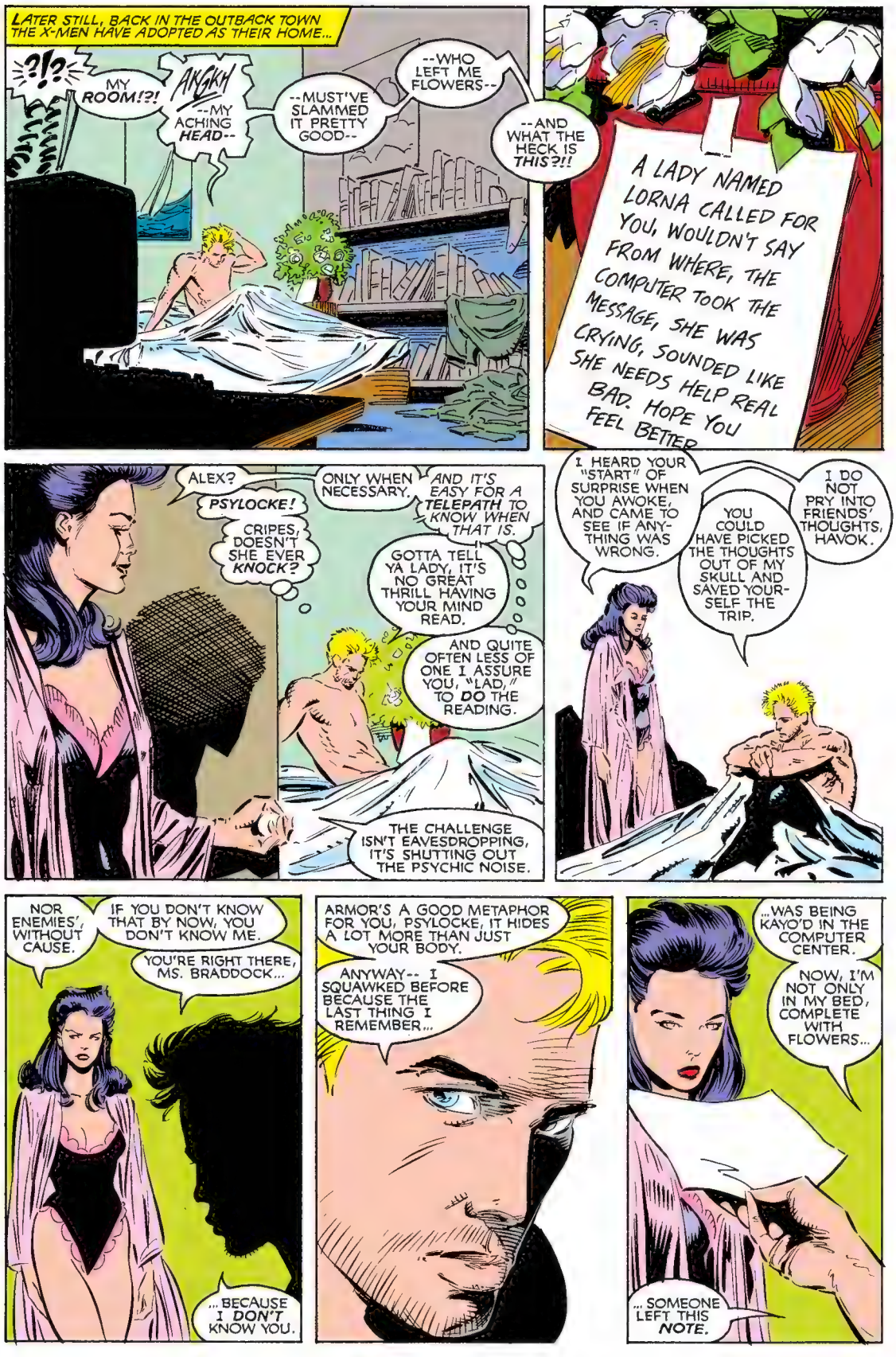

THE X-MEN ARE OUR ENEMIES, WE HAVE SWORN THEIR DESTRUCTION.
MY CONCERN, PIERCE-SAN, IS FOR WOLVERINE.
HE IS THE OBJECT OF MY VENGEANCE. I CARE NOTHING FOR THE OTHERS.

BEEN WATCHIN' THE TOWN F'R DAYS, BOSS. NOT A SIGN O' THE RUNT.
HE WILL RETURN, BONEBREAKER.
TO FIND THE REAVERS WAITING.

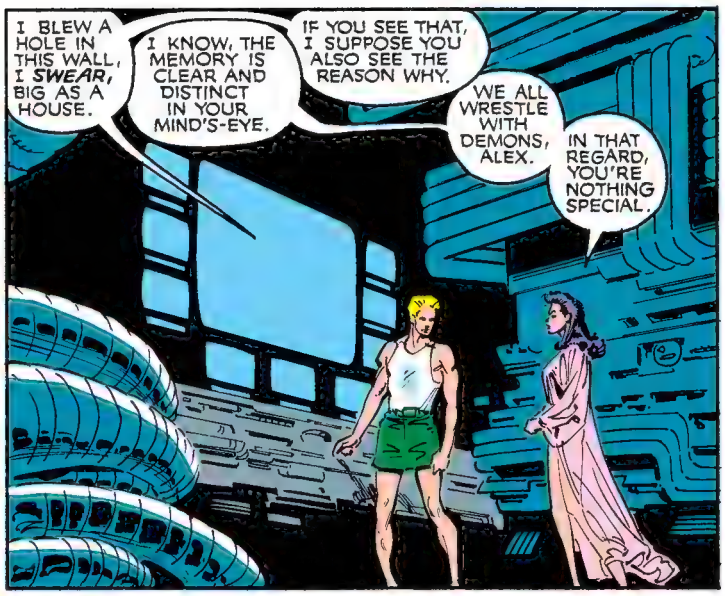

WITH THE CORPSES OF HIS TEAM-MATES...
...AS OUR CALLING CARDS.

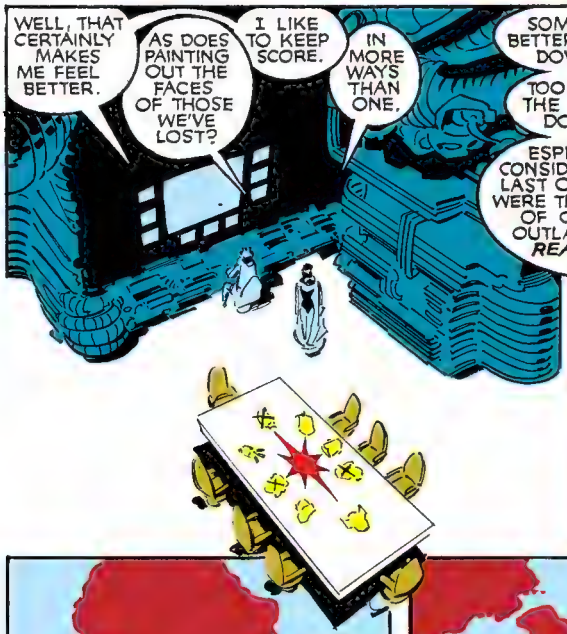
WE REAVERS ARE HUMANITY'S DEFENDERS, LADY DEATHSTRIKE, AGAINST THE SCOURGE OF MUTANTKIND.
WE SHALL PREVAIL, AND THEY EXPUNGED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.
AND THOSE WHO DO NOT STAND WITH ME--
--COMMITTING ALL THEIR HEART AND SOUL TO THIS BLESSED ENTERPRISE--

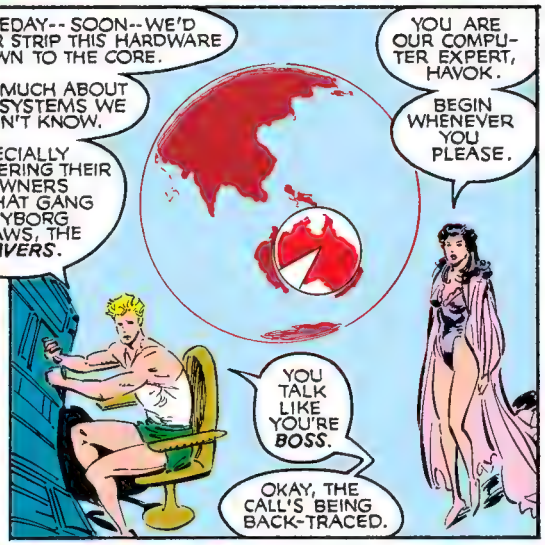
--SHALL BE GROUND TO DUST.

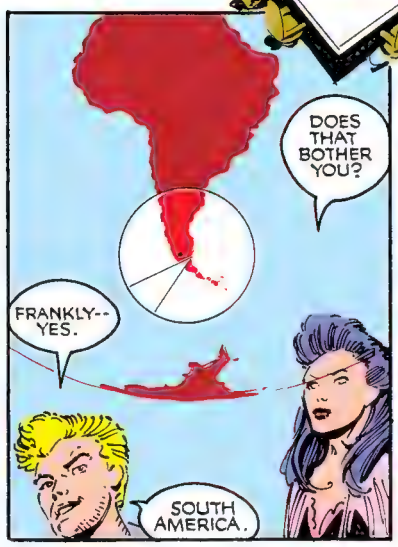

LATER STILL, BACK IN THE OUTBACK TOWN THE X-MEN HAVE ADOPTED AS THEIR HOME...
?!?
MY ROOM!?!
AKGKH
--MY ACHING HEAD--
--MUST'VE SLAMMED IT PRETTY GOOD--
--WHO LEFT ME FLOWERS--
--AND WHAT THE HECK IS THIS?!!
A LADY NAMED LORNA CALLED FOR YOU, WOULDN'T SAY FROM WHERE, THE COMPUTER TOOK THE MESSAGE, SHE WAS CRYING, SOUNDED LIKE SHE NEEDS HELP REAL BAD. HOPE YOU FEEL BETTER
ALEX?
PSYLOCKE!
CRIPES, DOESN'T SHE EVER KNOCK?
ONLY WHEN NECESSARY.
AND IT'S EASY FOR A TELEPATH TO KNOW WHEN THAT IS.
GOTTA TELL YA LADY, IT'S NO GREAT THRILL HAVING YOUR MIND READ.
AND QUITE OFTEN LESS OF ONE I ASSURE YOU, "LAD," TO DO THE READING.
THE CHALLENGE ISN'T EAVESDROPPING, IT'S SHUTTING OUT THE PSYCHIC NOISE.
I HEARD YOUR "START" OF SURPRISE WHEN YOU AWOKE, AND CAME TO SEE IF ANYTHING WAS WRONG.
YOU COULD HAVE PICKED THE THOUGHTS OUT OF MY SKULL AND SAVED YOURSELF THE TRIP.
I DO NOT PRY INTO FRIENDS' THOUGHTS, HAVOK.
NOR ENEMIES', WITHOUT CAUSE.
IF YOU DON'T KNOW THAT BY NOW, YOU DON'T KNOW ME.
YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, MS. BRADDOCK...
...BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW YOU.
ARMOR'S A GOOD METAPHOR FOR YOU, PSYLOCKE, IT HIDES A LOT MORE THAN JUST YOUR BODY.
ANYWAY-- I SQUAWKED BEFORE BECAUSE THE LAST THING I REMEMBER...
...WAS BEING KAYO'D IN THE COMPUTER CENTER.
NOW, I'M NOT ONLY IN MY BED, COMPLETE WITH FLOWERS...
...SOMEONE LEFT THIS NOTE.

THIS IS CRAZY!

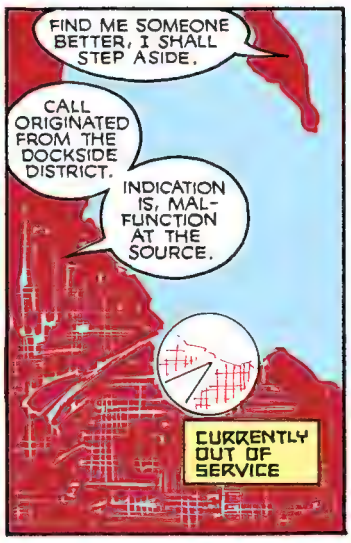

I BLEW A HOLE IN THIS WALL, I SWEAR, BIG AS A HOUSE.
I KNOW, THE MEMORY IS CLEAR AND DISTINCT IN YOUR MIND'S-EYE.
IF YOU SEE THAT, I SUPPOSE YOU ALSO SEE THE REASON WHY.
WE ALL WRESTLE WITH DEMONS, ALEX.
IN THAT REGARD, YOU'RE NOTHING SPECIAL.

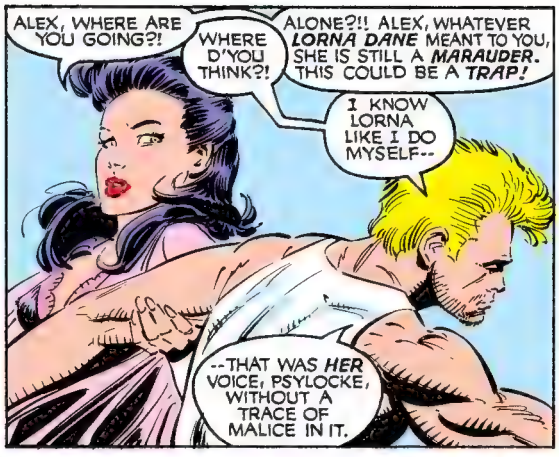

WELL, THAT CERTAINLY MAKES ME FEEL BETTER.
AS DOES PAINTING OUT THE FACES OF THOSE WE'VE LOST?
I LIKE TO KEEP SCORE.
IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

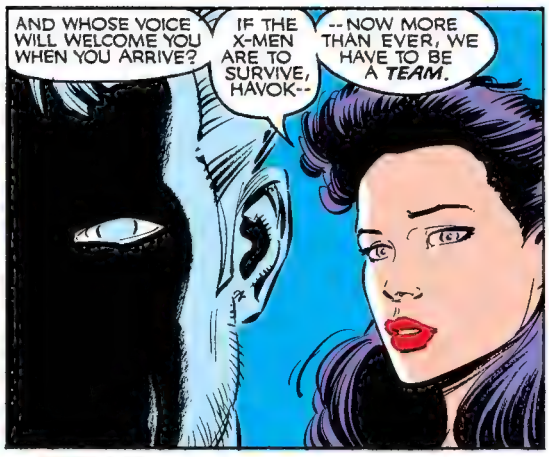

SOMEDAY-- SOON--WE'D BETTER STRIP THIS HARDWARE DOWN TO THE CORE.
TOO MUCH ABOUT THE SYSTEMS WE DON'T KNOW.
ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THEIR LAST OWNERS WERE THAT GANG OF CYBORG OUTLAWS, THE REAVERS.
YOU ARE OUR COMPUTER EXPERT, HAVOK.
BEGIN WHENEVER YOU PLEASE.
YOU TALK LIKE YOU'RE BOSS.
OKAY, THE CALL'S BEING BACK-TRACED.


DOES THAT BOTHER YOU?
FRANKLY-- YES.
SOUTH AMERICA.

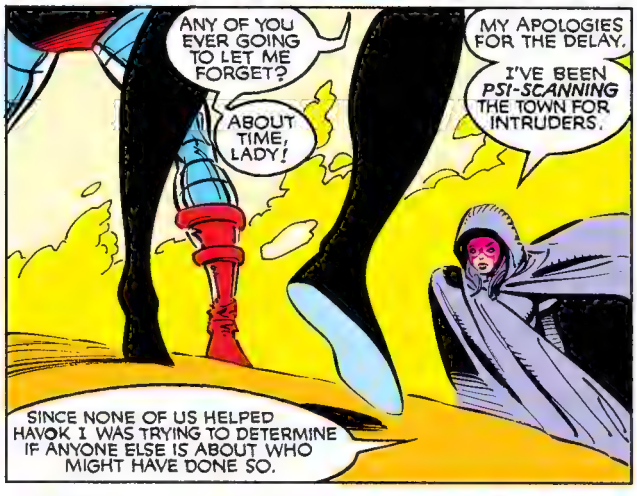
CITY OF PUNTA ARENAS, CHILE.
WHO SAYS YOU'RE QUALIFIED?

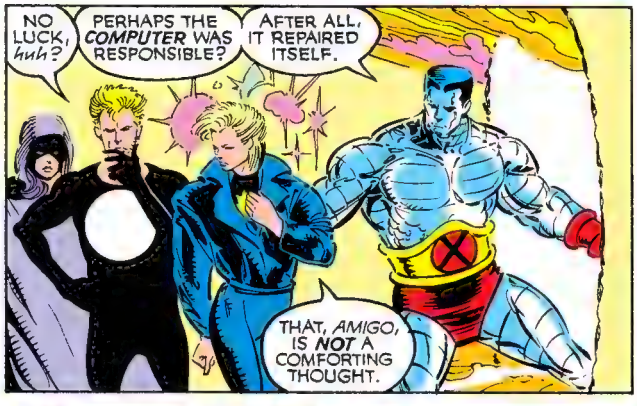

FIND ME SOMEONE BETTER, I SHALL STEP ASIDE.
CALL ORIGINATED FROM THE DOCKSIDE DISTRICT.
INDICATION IS, MALFUNCTION AT THE SOURCE.
CURRENTLY OUT OF SERVICE

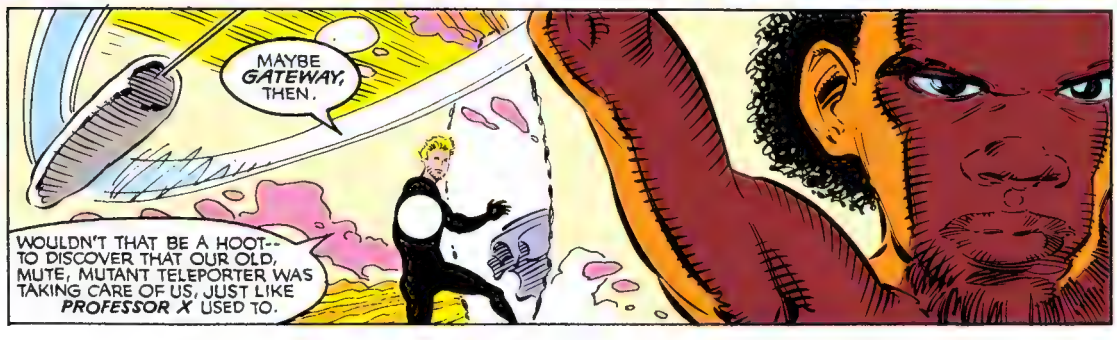

ALEX, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!
WHERE D'YOU THINK?!
ALONE?!! ALEX, WHATEVER LORNA DANE MEANT TO YOU, SHE IS STILL A MARAUDER. THIS COULD BE A TRAP!
I KNOW LORNA LIKE I DO MYSELF--
--THAT WAS HER VOICE, PSYLOCKE, WITHOUT A TRACE OF MALICE IN IT.


AND WHOSE VOICE WILL WELCOME YOU WHEN YOU ARRIVE?
IF THE X-MEN ARE TO SURVIVE, HAVOK--
--NOW MORE THAN EVER, WE HAVE TO BE A TEAM.

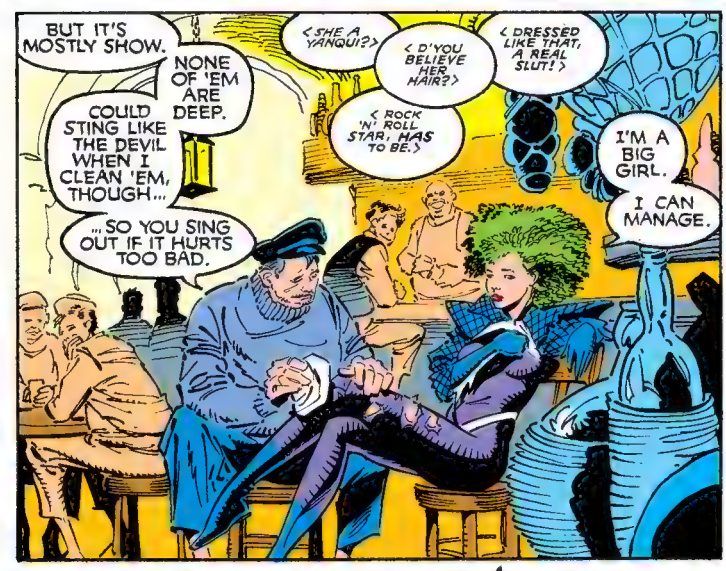
AND SO, AFTER COLOSSUS AND DAZZLER HAVE BEEN ALERTED AND BRIEFED...
WHERE THE BLAZES IS PSYLOCKE?
WHO KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LORNA, WE'VE GOTTA GO!
DON'T PUSH SO HARD, ALEX.
THAT'S WHAT GOT US CLOBBERED BY NANNY, REMEMBER?


ANY OF YOU EVER GOING TO LET ME FORGET?
ABOUT TIME, LADY!
MY APOLOGIES FOR THE DELAY.
I'VE BEEN PSI-SCANNING THE TOWN FOR INTRUDERS.
SINCE NONE OF US HELPED HAVOK I WAS TRYING TO DETERMINE IF ANYONE ELSE IS ABOUT WHO MIGHT HAVE DONE SO.

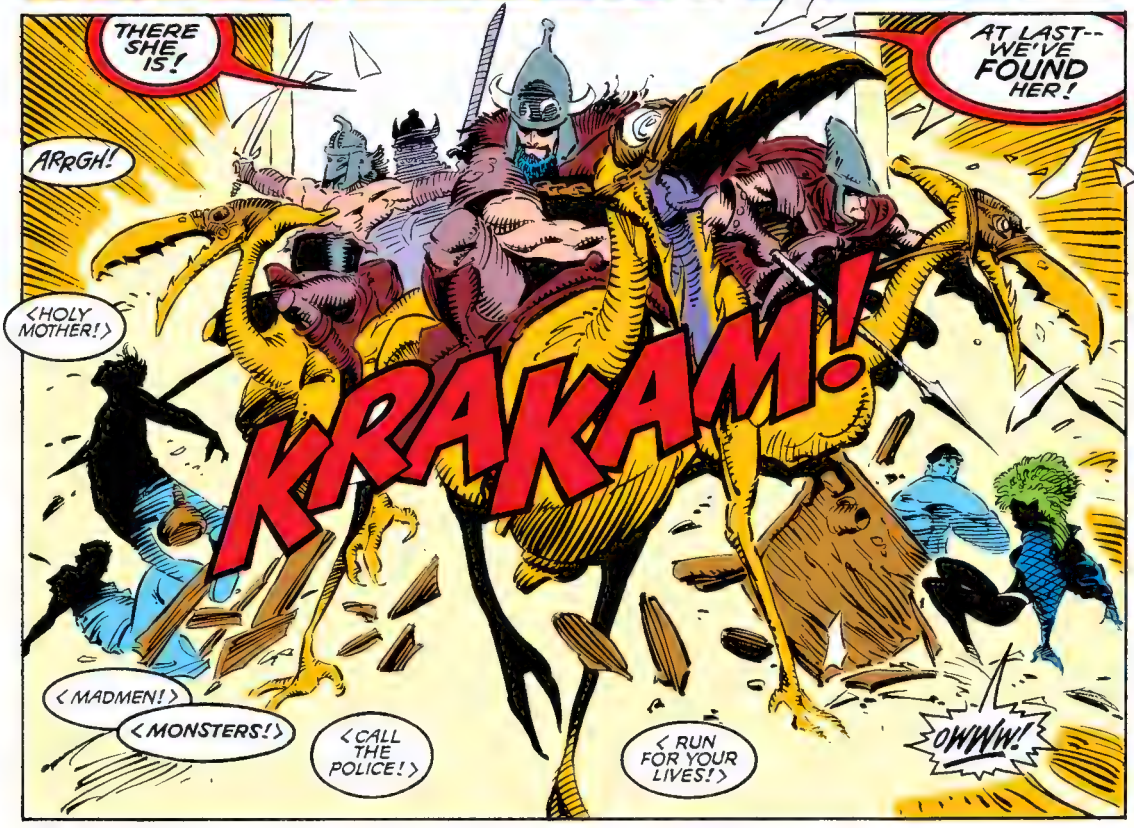

NO LUCK, huh?
PERHAPS THE COMPUTER WAS RESPONSIBLE?
AFTER ALL, IT REPAIRED ITSELF.
THAT, AMIGO, IS NOT A COMFORTING THOUGHT.


MAYBE GATEWAY, THEN.
WOULDN'T THAT BE A HOOT-- TO DISCOVER THAT OUR OLD, MUTE, MUTANT TELEPORTER WAS TAKING CARE OF US, JUST LIKE PROFESSOR X USED TO.

PUNTA ARENAS.
ON THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN, CAPITAL OF THE REGION THAT INCLUDES BOTH CHILE'S HALF OF THE ISLAND OF TIERRA del FUEGO, AND ITS CLAIM ON THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT BEYOND.
PRETTY MESSY CUTS, SENORITA.

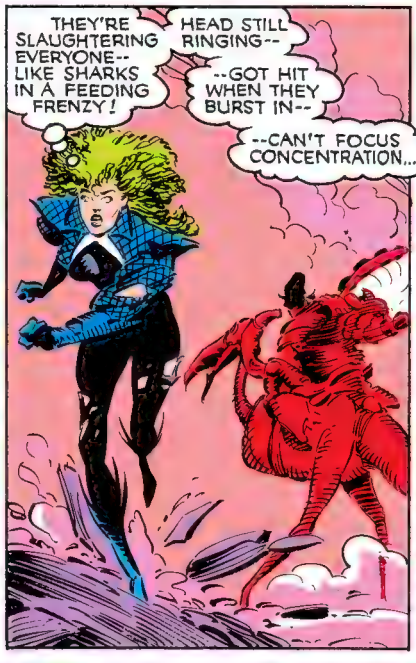

BUT IT'S MOSTLY SHOW.
NONE OF 'EM ARE DEEP.
COULD STING LIKE THE DEVIL WHEN I CLEAN 'EM, THOUGH...
...SO YOU SING OUT IF IT HURTS TOO BAD.
<SHE A YANQUI?>
<D'YOU BELIEVE HER HAIR?>
<DRESSED LIKE THAT, A REAL SLUT!>
<ROCK 'N' ROLL STAR, HAS TO BE.>
I'M A BIG GIRL.
I CAN MANAGE.

I CAN ALSO TAKE CARE OF THAT MYSELF, THANK YOU.
THEN WHY YOU RUNNING?
WHAT YOU SO AFRAID OF, eh?

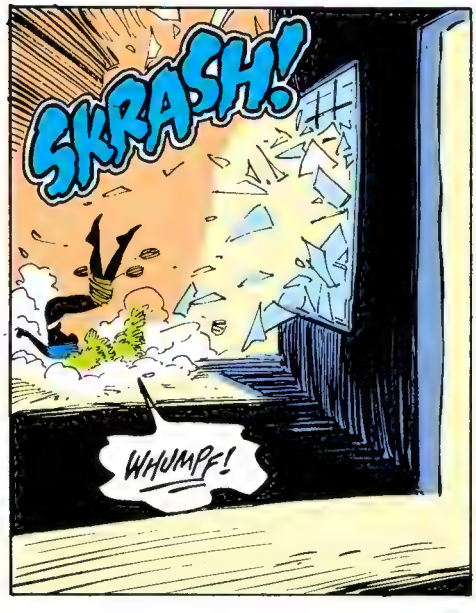

THERE SHE IS!
AT LAST-- WE'VE FOUND HER!
ARRGH!
<HOLY MOTHER!>
KRAKAM!
<MADMEN!>
<MONSTERS!>
<CALL THE POLICE!>
<RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!>
OWWW!

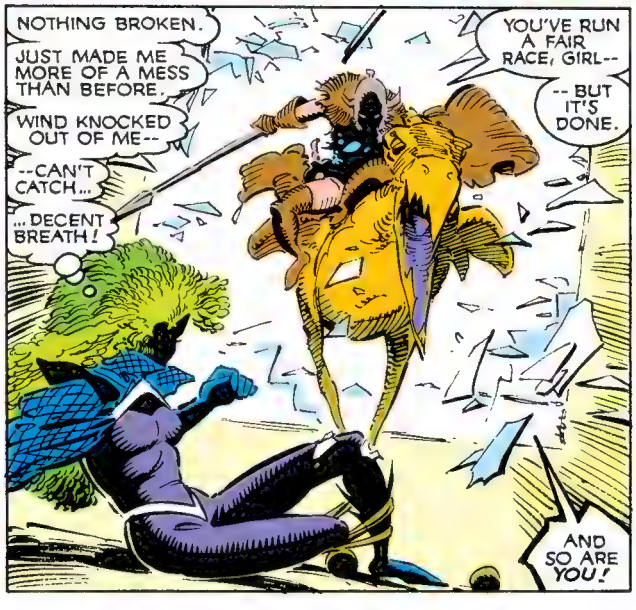
THEY MEAN ME!
DINOSAURS--WITH BARBARIAN RIDERS!
THEY MUST BE FROM THE SAVAGE LAND!
SCOOT, SENORITA! QUICK AS YOU CAN!

WHILE I HO RRRGKGH!
NO!
GHLUK!

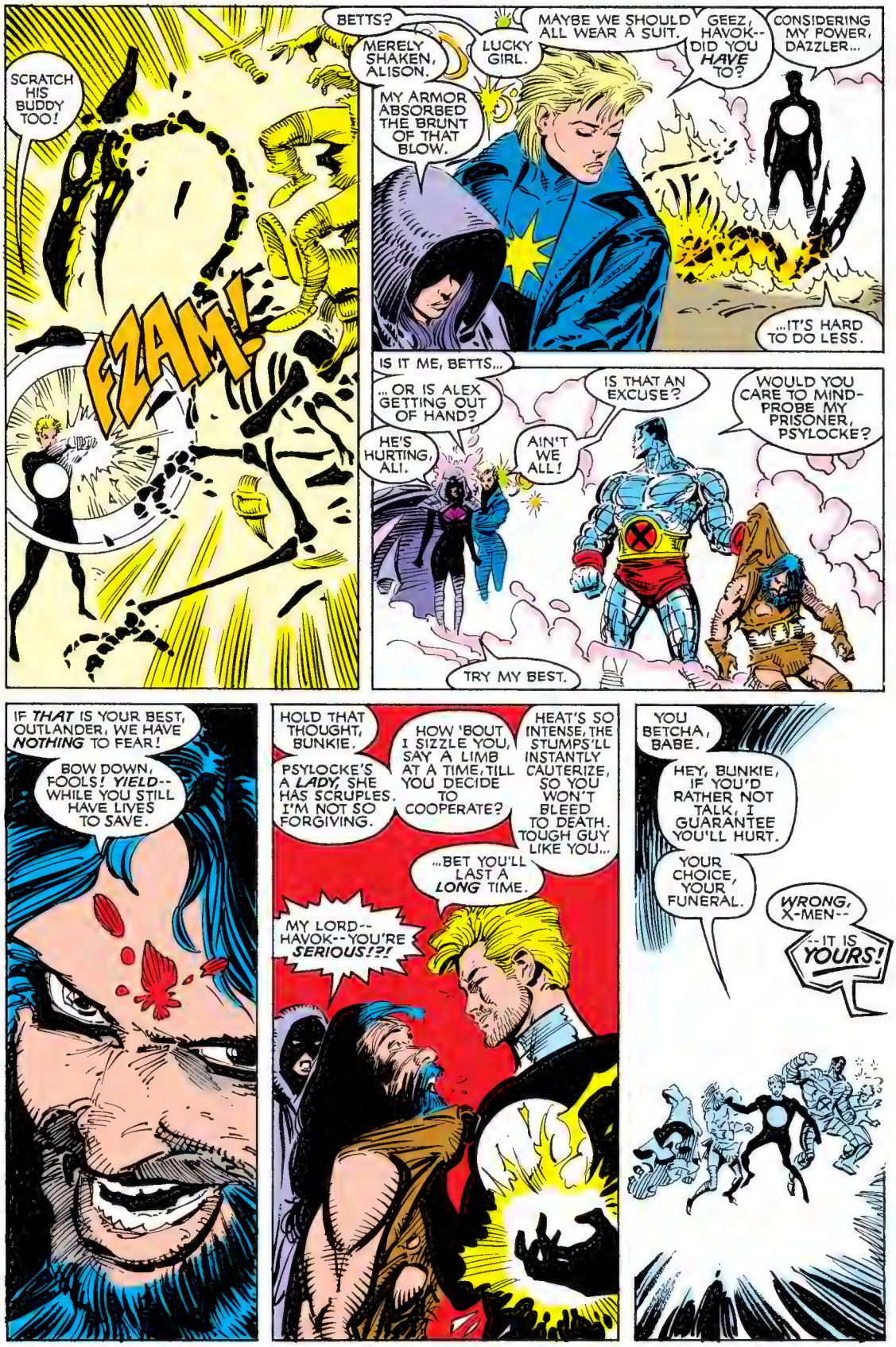

THEY'RE SLAUGHTERING EVERYONE--LIKE SHARKS IN A FEEDING FRENZY!
HEAD STILL RINGING--
--GOT HIT WHEN THEY BURST IN--
--CAN'T FOCUS CONCENTRATION...

...ENOUGH TO USE MY POWER--
--MY LEGS!
SHWIPT!


SKRASH!
WHUMPF!


NOTHING BROKEN.
JUST MADE ME MORE OF A MESS THAN BEFORE.
WIND KNOCKED OUT OF ME--
--CAN'T CATCH...
...DECENT BREATH!
YOU'VE RUN A FAIR RACE, GIRL--
--BUT IT'S DONE.
AND SO ARE YOU!

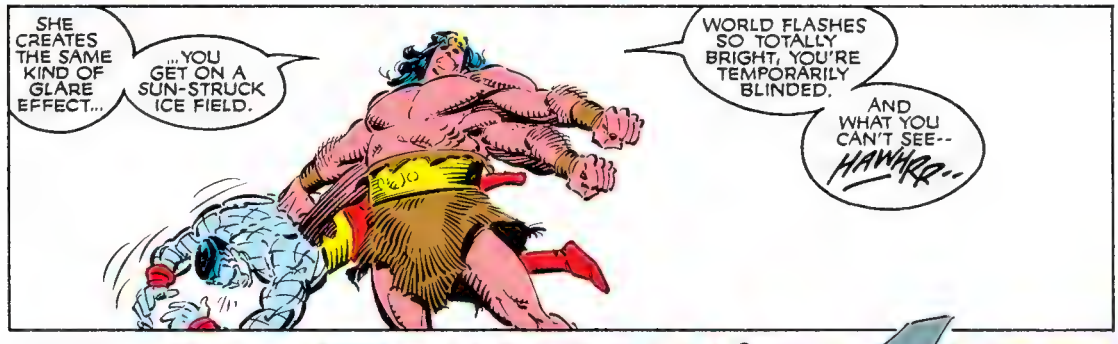
PRETTY MUCH SIMULTANEOUSLY, BACK BY THE RUINED PHONE BOOTH...
...OUR HEROES EMERGE FROM GATEWAY'S TELEPORTAL, AFTER AN INSTANTANEOUS JAUNT ACROSS THE PACIFIC FROM CENTRAL AUSTRALIA...
REMEMBER-- GATEWAY CAN ONLY TELEPORT US HOME FROM THE PLACE WE ARRIVED.
YES, BOSS.
BOY, SOMEBODY SURE WHOMPED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THAT BOOTH.
BWHAM!
NO SIGN OF LORNA.
AND WITHOUT WOLVIE, WE CAN'T FOLLOW HER TRAIL...
IF SHE'S NEARBY, A PSI-SEARCH SHOULD--
--GOOD LORD!
THE TOWN--
--UNDER ATTACK--
RUN
THE FIRE
MY ARM
FIGHT BACK
I'M SORRY
--EVERYONE SCREAMING INSIDE MY HEAD--
SCARED
KILL KILL KILL
--SLAYERS AND SLAIN--
DEFILE THE OUTLANDERS' HOMES AS THEY DID OURS
GLORY
SHRIEK
--TOO MUCH LUST--
--TOO MUCH PASSION--
--TOO MUCH FEAR--
--CAN'T BLOCK IT
OWHWW!
KWUDD!
PSYLOCKE IS DOWN!
THIS WILL DEAL WITH THE SWINE WHO STRUCK HER!
KRAKOW!

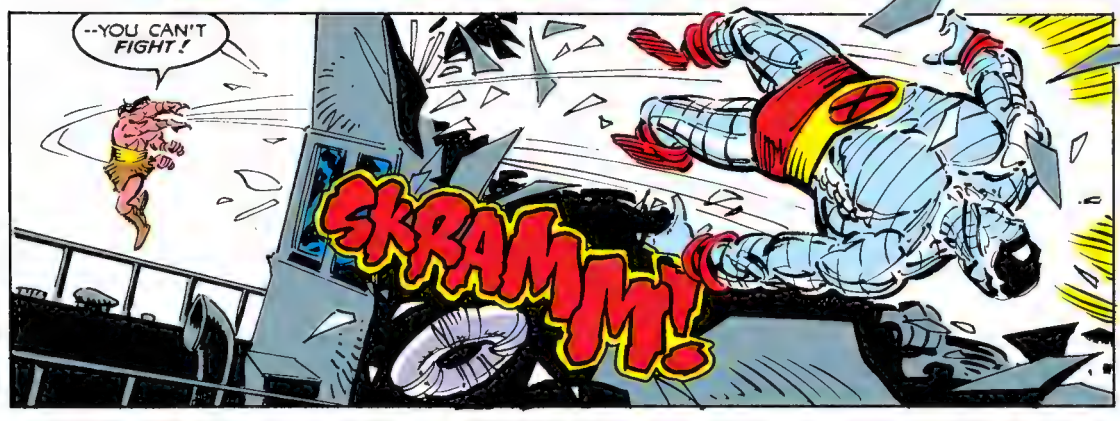

SCRATCH HIS BUDDY TOO!
FZAM!
BETTS?
MERELY SHAKEN, ALISON.
LUCKY GIRL.
MAYBE WE SHOULD ALL WEAR A SUIT.
GEEZ, HAVOK--DID YOU HAVE TO?
CONSIDERING MY POWER, DAZZLER...
MY ARMOR ABSORBED THE BRUNT OF THAT BLOW.
...IT'S HARD TO DO LESS.
IS IT ME, BETTS...
...OR IS ALEX GETTING OUT OF HAND?
IS THAT AN EXCUSE?
WOULD YOU CARE TO MIND-PROBE MY PRISONER, PSYLOCKE?
HE'S HURTING, ALI.
AIN'T WE ALL!
TRY MY BEST.
IF THAT IS YOUR BEST, OUTLANDER, WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!
BOW DOWN, FOOLS! YIELD--WHILE YOU STILL HAVE LIVES TO SAVE.
HOLD THAT THOUGHT, BUNKIE.
PSYLOCKE'S A LADY, SHE HAS SCRUPLES. I'M NOT SO FORGIVING.
HOW 'BOUT I SIZZLE YOU, SAY A LIMB AT A TIME, TILL YOU DECIDE TO COOPERATE?
HEAT'S SO INTENSE, THE STUMPS'LL INSTANTLY CAUTERIZE, SO YOU WON'T BLEED TO DEATH. TOUGH GUY LIKE YOU...
...BET YOU'LL LAST A LONG TIME.
MY LORD--HAVOK--YOU'RE SERIOUS!?!
YOU BETCHA, BABE.
HEY, BUNKIE, IF YOU'D RATHER NOT TALK, I GUARANTEE YOU'LL HURT.
YOUR CHOICE, YOUR FUNERAL.
WRONG, X-MEN--
--IT IS YOURS!

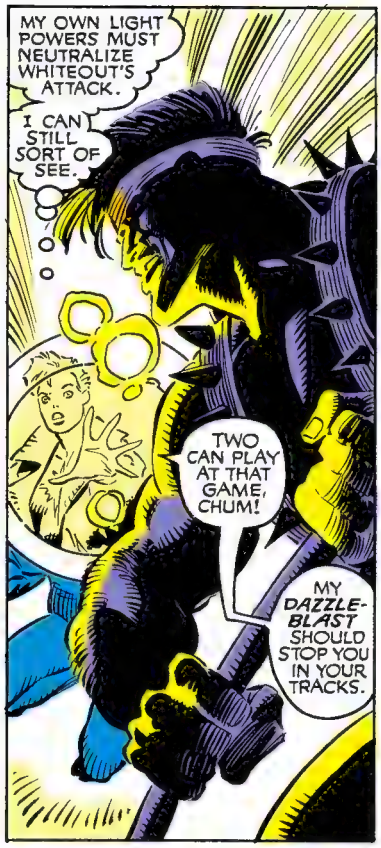
POOR, PULING, PATHETIC PALESKINS--
--LOOK HOW HELPLESS THEY ARE...
...THANKS TO WHITEOUT!
MY EYES--
--WHAT HAPPENED--
--I CAN'T SEE?!!

THAT VOICE--
--ONE OF THE SAVAGE LAND MUTATES--

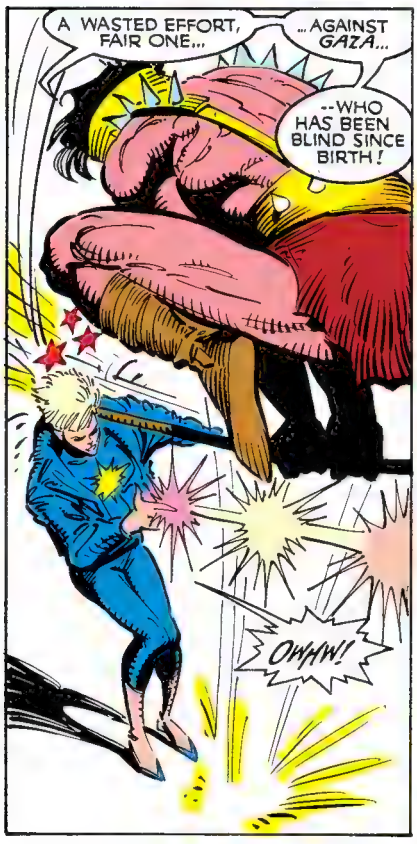
--BARBARUS!
WHITEOUT'S THE LATEST TO JOIN US, TIN MAN.

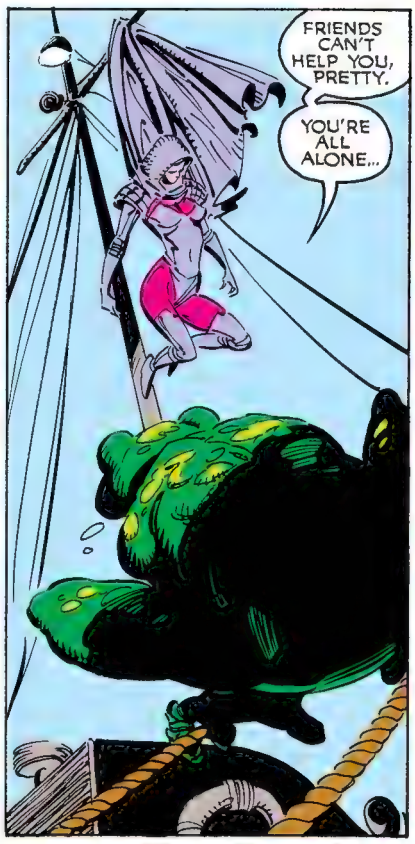

SHE CREATES THE SAME KIND OF GLARE EFFECT...
...YOU GET ON A SUN-STRUCK ICE FIELD.
WORLD FLASHES SO TOTALLY BRIGHT, YOU'RE TEMPORARILY BLINDED.
AND WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE--
HAWHRR--


--YOU CAN'T FIGHT!
SKRAMM!

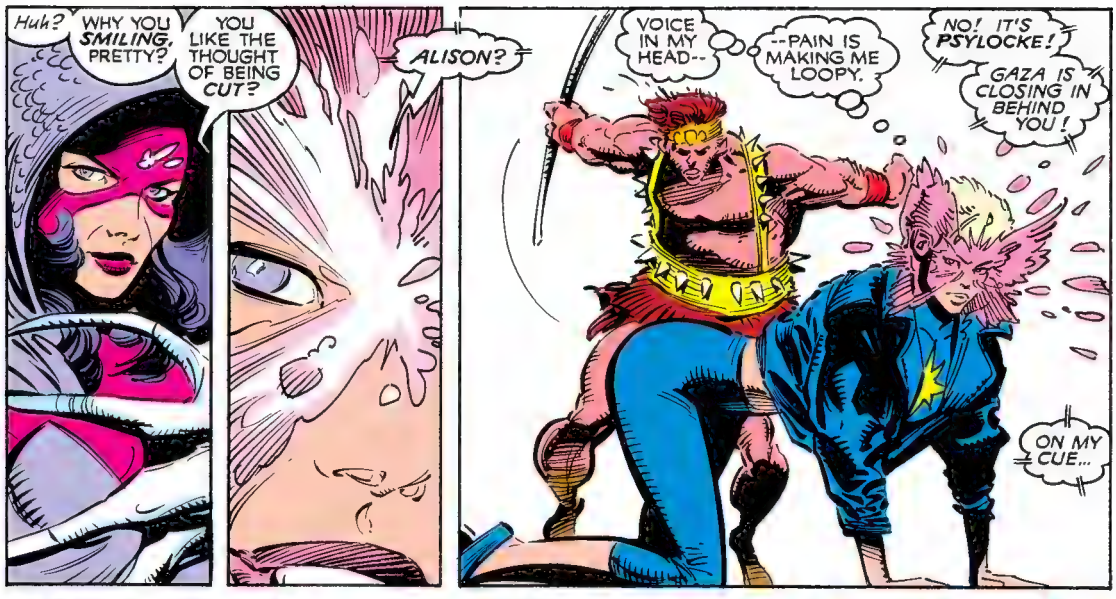

MY OWN LIGHT POWERS MUST NEUTRALIZE WHITEOUT'S ATTACK.
I CAN STILL SORT OF SEE.
TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME, CHUM!
MY DAZZLE-BLAST SHOULD STOP YOU IN YOUR TRACKS.

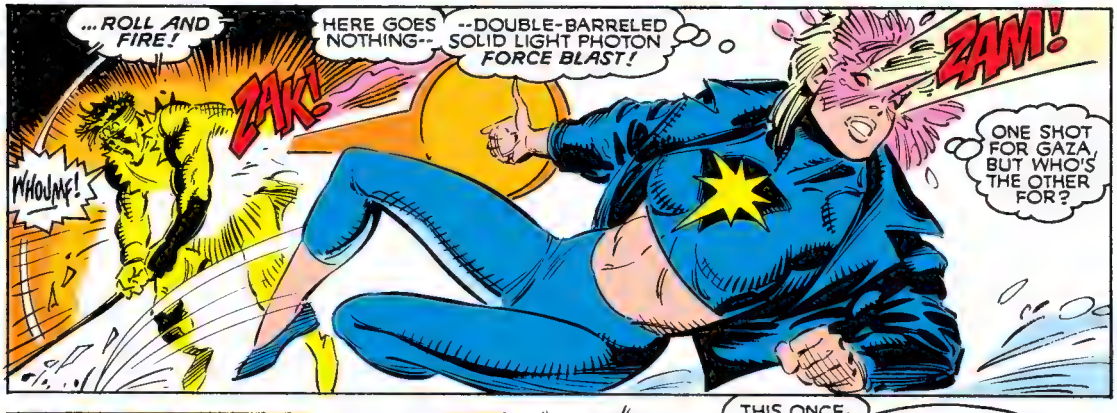
AMPHIBIUS HAS THE MINDWITCH!
ARMOR...
...KEEPING ME...
...FROM BEING SERIOUSLY HURT--
--BUT TOO SHAKEN...
...TO FOCUS THOUGHTS...
...TO DEFEND... SELF
THUGD!
THAM
WHAM


A WASTED EFFORT, FAIR ONE...
...AGAINST GAZA...
--WHO HAS BEEN BLIND SINCE BIRTH!
OWAW!


FRIENDS CAN'T HELP YOU, PRETTY.
YOU'RE ALL ALONE...

...FOR AMPHIBIUS TO PLAY WITH!


Huh?
WHY YOU SMILING, PRETTY?
YOU LIKE THE THOUGHT OF BEING CUT?
ALISON?
VOICE IN MY HEAD--
--PAIN IS MAKING ME LOOPY.
NO! IT'S PSYLOCKE!
GAZA IS CLOSING IN BEHIND YOU!
ON MY CUE...


...ROLL AND FIRE!
HERE GOES NOTHING--
--DOUBLE-BARRELED SOLID LIGHT PHOTON FORCE BLAST!
ZAK!
WHOUNG!
ZAM!
ONE SHOT FOR GAZA, BUT WHO'S THE OTHER FOR?

AND A MOST SPLENDID ONE IT IS, TOO.
ME.
ZAP!

COLOSSUS!
THIS ONCE, SHINYSKIN...
...FLESH WILL PROVE STRONGER-- AND DEADLIER-- THAN STEEL!
BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM
BAM BAM BAM
BAM BAM BAM BAM

Bullpen Bulletins

Quote of the Month

"Nothing personal, Gail, but I'm going to have to kick your butt!"

–Wendell Vaughn
QUASAR #1

Stan's Soapbox

Hi, Heroes! In answer to countless demands (from my cousin, Calvin Countless), I figured this would be a good time to bring you up to date on Marvel's various movie and TV projects.

Captain America: Even as you read this, the filming is about to start in Europe, and, naturally, Cap's villain will be the ever-loathsome **Red Skull**! (For more of the dazzlin' details, don't miss the "Soapbox" page in this month's MARVEL AGE!)

Spider-Man: Your battlin' Bullpen finally convinced the Hollywood wizards to stop writing screenplay after screenplay that didn't correctly portray the ol' wall-crawler. Now WE'RE gonna work on the movie story for Spidey--so just wait! It'll be coming your way before you can wiggle a web! Also in preparation (which means the scripts are being written right now!) are movies for **Iron Man, Sub-Mariner** and--buckle your seat belt, brother--**Wolverine!** We're even playing with an idea for **Ant-Man**, but hey, I've gotta save some surprises for next time!

As for TV, it won't be long before we'll be announcing **Daredevil** in his own series! And, for the biggest, wildest surprise of all, who do you think may be co-starring with the **Incredible Hulk** in his next made-for-television spectacular? If you guessed the giant-sized, glitzy, glamorous, gorgeous **She-Hulk** you wouldn't be too far wrong!

Well, that's about it for now. Just didn't want you to think we were all asleep over here at Marvel West--even if we are!

Excelsior!

Stan

ITEM: Hey, boys and girls, what time is it? That's right, it's comic book convention time! That's the time when hotels from coast to coast are taken over by comic book writers, artists, editors, publishers, letterers, colorists, back-issue dealers, and most importantly, fans! It's too late to tell you about Oakland's Wondercon (we had a blast!), but if you hurry you can still join the fun at the following gala gatherings:

CHICAGO COMICON
June 30-July 2
Ramada O'Hare Hotel
Rosemont, IL

(Guests include legendary Soapbox-scribe *Stan* (the Man) *Lee*, Editor in Chief and THOR writer *Tom* (Top Dog) *DeFalco*, Executive Editor and writer of both CAPTAIN AMERICA and QUASAR *Mark* (the Remarker) *Gruenwald*, PUNISHER writer and editor *Carl* (the Married Guy) *Potts*, and Mutant editor and S.H.I.E.L.D. scripter *Bob* (Over 30) *Harras*.)

For more info (like how much it costs, for example) contact CHICAGO COMICON, c/o Larry Charet, 1219 W. Devon, Chicago IL 60660; telephone (312) 743-4493.

DALLAS FANTASY FAIR
July 14-16
Sheraton Park Central Hotel
Dallas, TX

(Guests include *Mark* (Him Again?) *Gruenwald*, AMAZING SPIDER-MAN writer *David* (Rhymes with Pickle-my-knee) *Michelinie*, DR. DOOM/DR. STRANGE Graphic Novel penciler *Mike* (Don't even try to pronounce it) *Mignola*, along with a pair of comic art legends, *Harvey Kurtzman* and *Will Eisner*.)

For more info contact DALLAS FANTASY FAIR, P.O. Box 820488, Dallas TX 75382; telephone (214) 349-3369.

And tell 'em Marvel sent you!

Pro File:

Renee Witterstaetter

Assistant Editor on: CONAN SAGA, SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN, SILVER SURFER, WHAT IF...?, WOLVERINE SAGA, and the Kull Graphic Novel

Marvel freelance credits (past): A five-page story in the SILVER SURFER ANNUAL; HULK and NEW MUTANTS letter pages; articles for MARVEL AGE

Marvel freelance credits (present): It's a secret!!!

My place of birth is: Texarkana--the Texas side, that is! An' do-o-o-n't yu fergit it!

People who knew me in high school thought I was: An impostor (I lost megatons over one summer, and actually began talking to people).

My hobbies are: Reading, writing, going to movies, photography, cooking, putting my car in and out of the shop.

My pet peeves are: People who think they are the absolute authority on anything, people who destroy the environment or mistreat animals, people who say I look like Meryl Streep, my car!

My favorite performers are: Katharine Hepburn, Gene Kelly, Jimmy Stewart, Harrison Ford, Sean Connery, Jay Leno, UB40--but only recently.

The last good books I read were: *The Funny Papers* by Tom DeHaven, *Endgame Enigma* by James P. Hogan, and *Tourist Season* by Carl Haussen.

The last good movies I saw were: *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, and high-quality rental tapes of *Harold and Maude, The Man Who Would Be King, The Wind and the Lion*, and *Once Upon a Time in America*.

If they were making a movie of my life, I'd like to see my part played by: Someone with a smaller nose and a better figure.

My oddest habit is: Eating picante sauce with just about everything.

My greatest accomplishment outside the comics field is: My journalistic writing for newspapers in Texas; living 25 years (so far); having Don King tell me I look like Cleopatra.

The reason I got into comics was: Fate! Plus the fact that I fell in love with Peter Parker at a very young age.

The biggest influences on my work include: Mark Twain, Charles Dickens, Dr. Laurence F. McNamee (my Shakespeare teacher and sportswriting partner), my parents, Connie Penny (my high school journalism teacher), old movies, and travelling a lot! (Hint, hint.)

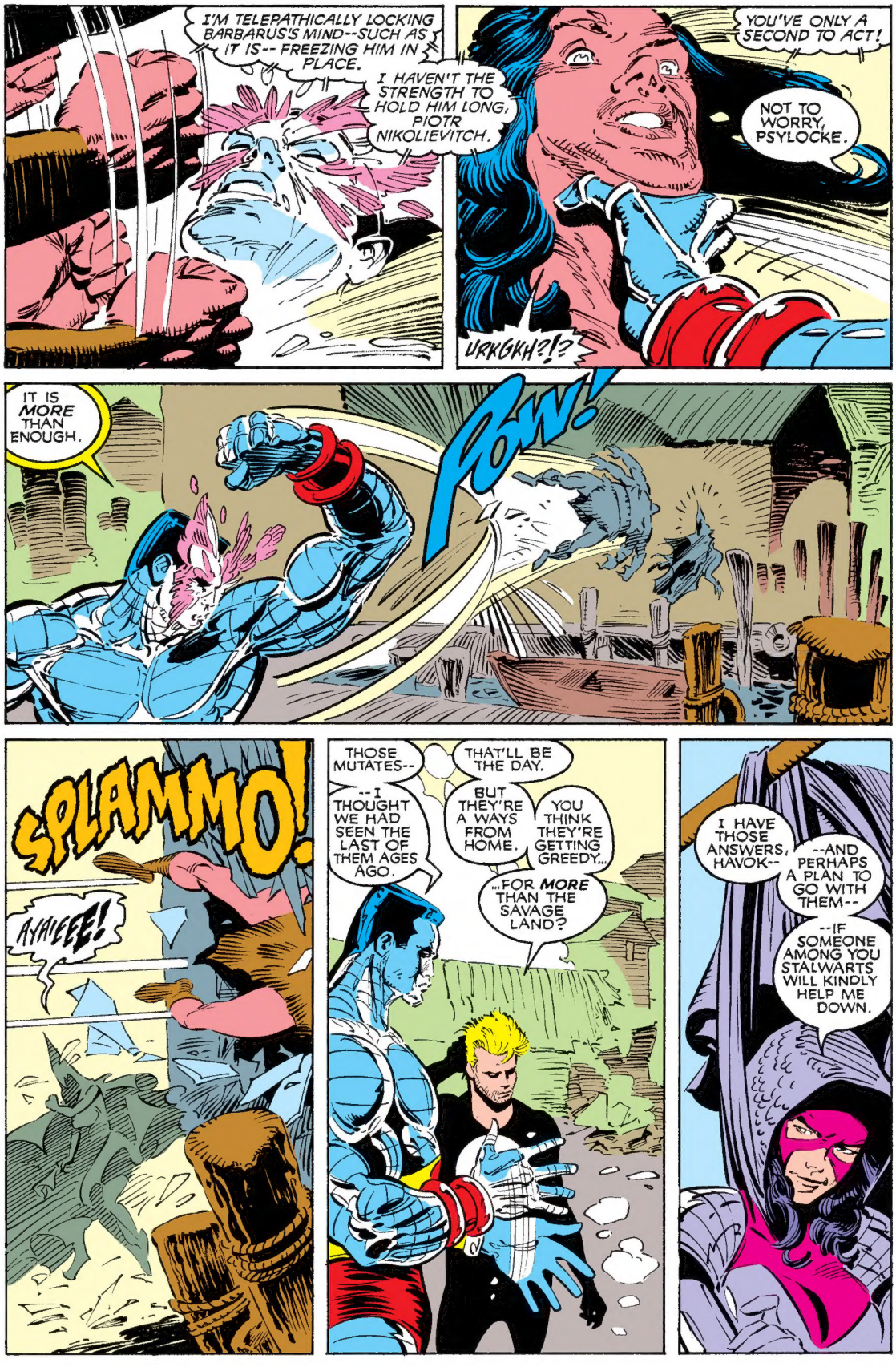
The single work of which I am most proud is: My as-yet-unpublished children's book, *Kerry and the Scary Things*. Getting *Mike Zeck* to draw my caricature.

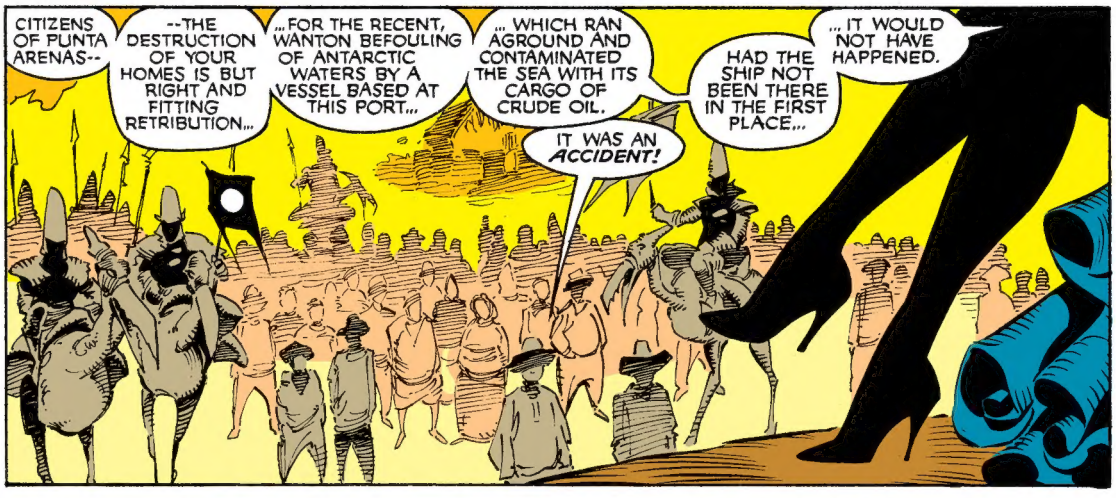
My greatest unfulfilled ambition in the comics field is: To someday be Mike Carlin's boss.

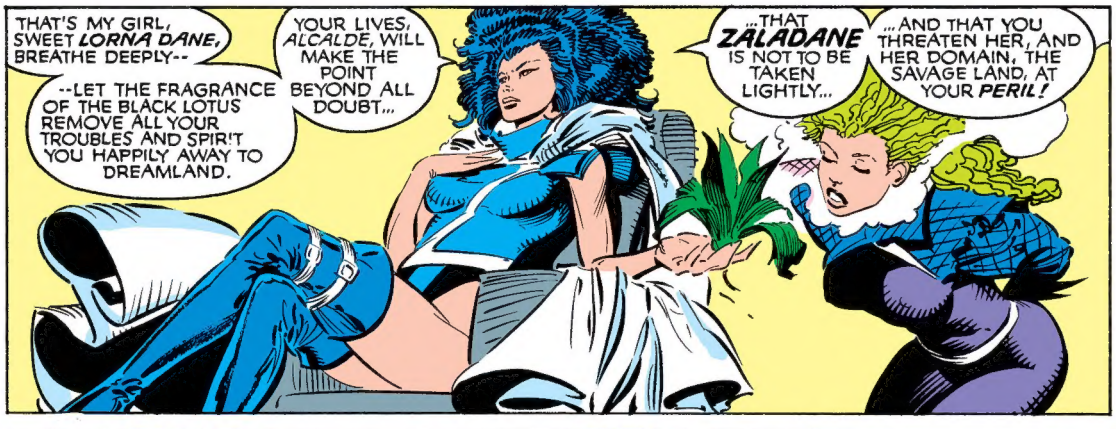
The worst part of my job is: Listening to my editor *Craig Anderson* explain why we need more girls on SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN covers, and seeing by the higher sales figures that he's right!

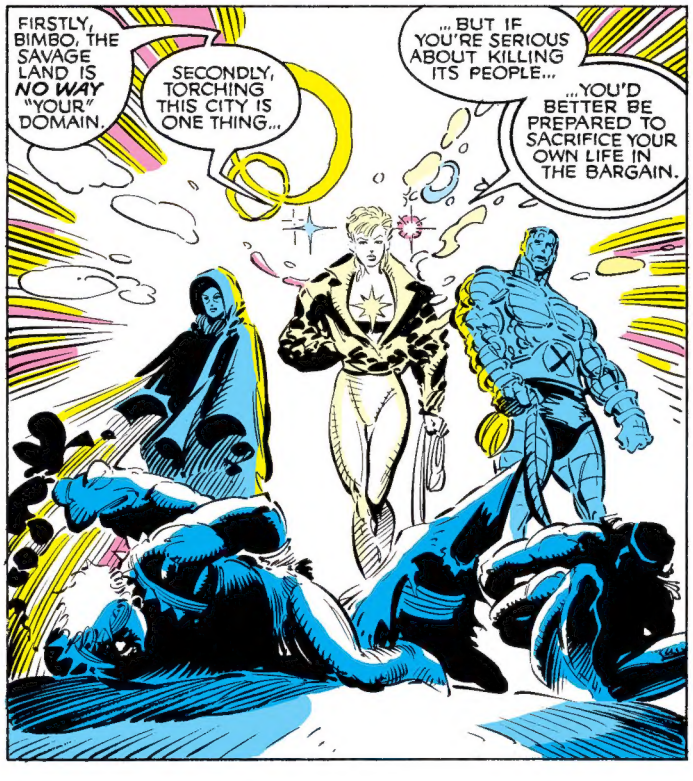
When nobody's looking I like to: Steal pens from *Glenn Herdling*, doodle on my desk calendar.

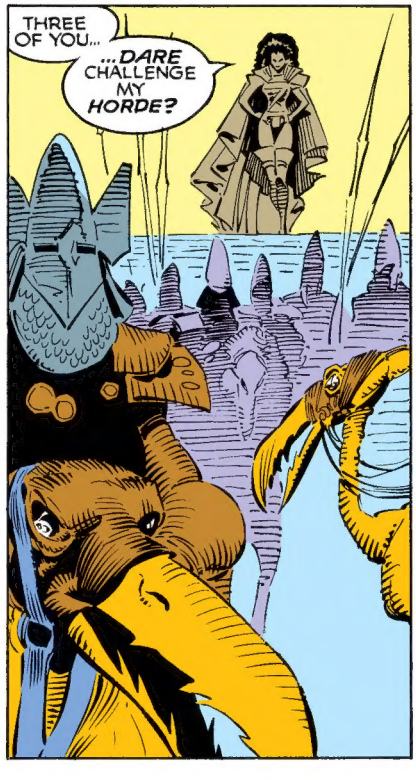
The one thing I really want the world to know about me is: I'm really not Cleopatra, but sometimes I do dress up like Napoleon Bonaparte.

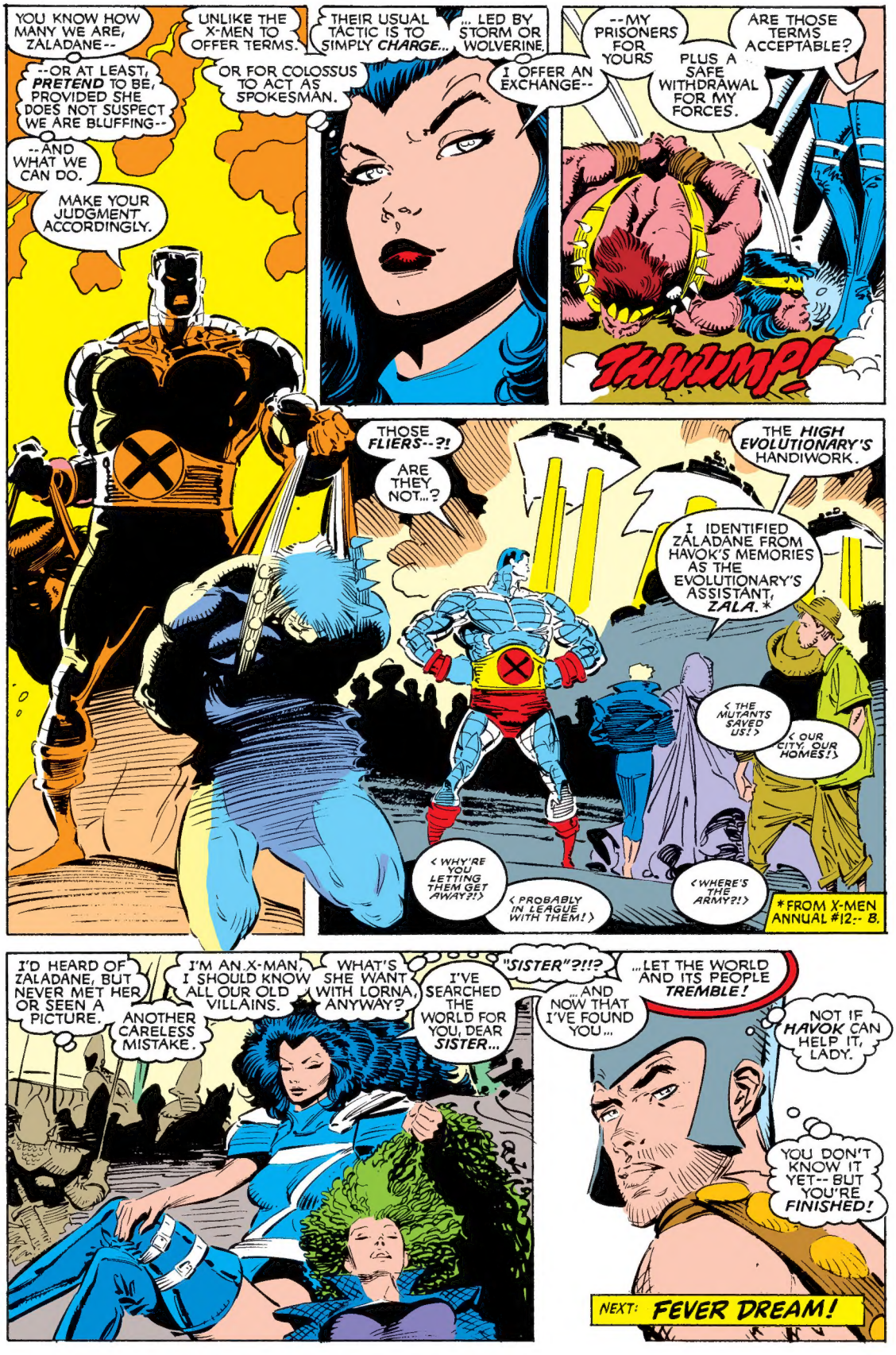

I'M TELEPATHICALLY LOCKING BARBARUS'S MIND--SUCH AS IT IS-- FREEZING HIM IN PLACE.
I HAVEN'T THE STRENGTH TO HOLD HIM LONG, PIOTR NIKOLIEVITCH.
YOU'VE ONLY A SECOND TO ACT!
NOT TO WORRY, PSYLOCKE.
URKGKH?!?
IT IS MORE THAN ENOUGH.
POW!
SPLAMMO!
AYAIEEE!
THOSE MUTATES--
--I THOUGHT WE HAD SEEN THE LAST OF THEM AGES AGO.
THAT'LL BE THE DAY.
BUT THEY'RE A WAYS FROM HOME.
YOU THINK THEY'RE GETTING GREEDY...
...FOR MORE THAN THE SAVAGE LAND?
I HAVE THOSE ANSWERS, HAVOK--
--AND PERHAPS A PLAN TO GO WITH THEM--
--IF SOMEONE AMONG YOU STALWARTS WILL KINDLY HELP ME DOWN.


CITIZENS OF PUNTA ARENAS--
--THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR HOMES IS BUT RIGHT AND FITTING RETRIBUTION...
...FOR THE RECENT, WANTON BEFOULING OF ANTARCTIC WATERS BY A VESSEL BASED AT THIS PORT...
... WHICH RAN AGROUND AND CONTAMINATED THE SEA WITH ITS CARGO OF CRUDE OIL.
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
HAD THE SHIP NOT BEEN THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE...
... IT WOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED.


THAT'S MY GIRL, SWEET LORNA DANE, BREATHE DEEPLY--
--LET THE FRAGRANCE OF THE BLACK LOTUS REMOVE ALL YOUR TROUBLES AND SPIR'T YOU HAPPILY AWAY TO DREAMLAND.
YOUR LIVES, ALCALDE, WILL MAKE THE POINT BEYOND ALL DOUBT...
...THAT ZALADANE IS NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY...
... AND THAT YOU THREATEN HER, AND HER DOMAIN, THE SAVAGE LAND, AT YOUR PERIL!


FIRSTLY, BIMBO, THE SAVAGE LAND IS NO WAY "YOUR" DOMAIN.
SECONDLY, TORCHING THIS CITY IS ONE THING...
... BUT IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT KILLING ITS PEOPLE...
...YOU'D BETTER BE PREPARED TO SACRIFICE YOUR OWN LIFE IN THE BARGAIN.


THREE OF YOU...
...DARE CHALLENGE MY HORDE?


YOU KNOW HOW MANY WE ARE, ZALADANE--
--OR AT LEAST, PRETEND TO BE, PROVIDED SHE DOES NOT SUSPECT WE ARE BLUFFING--
--AND WHAT WE CAN DO.
MAKE YOUR JUDGMENT ACCORDINGLY.
UNLIKE THE X-MEN TO OFFER TERMS.
OR FOR COLOSSUS TO ACT AS SPOKESMAN.
THEIR USUAL TACTIC IS TO SIMPLY CHARGE...
... LED BY STORM OR WOLVERINE.
I OFFER AN EXCHANGE--
--MY PRISONERS FOR YOURS
PLUS A SAFE WITHDRAWAL FOR MY FORCES.
ARE THOSE TERMS ACCEPTABLE?
THUUUMP!
THOSE FLIERS--?!
ARE THEY NOT...?
THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY'S HANDIWORK.
I IDENTIFIED ZALADANE FROM HAVOK'S MEMORIES AS THE EVOLUTIONARY'S ASSISTANT, ZALA.*
< THE MUTANTS SAVED US! >
< OUR CITY, OUR HOMES! >
< WHY'RE YOU LETTING THEM GET AWAY?! >
< PROBABLY IN LEAGUE WITH THEM! >
< WHERE'S THE ARMY?! >
*FROM X-MEN ANNUAL #12:- B.
I'D HEARD OF ZALADANE, BUT NEVER MET HER OR SEEN A PICTURE.
ANOTHER CARELESS MISTAKE.
I'M AN X-MAN, I SHOULD KNOW ALL OUR OLD VILLAINS.
WHAT'S SHE WANT WITH LORNA, ANYWAY?
I'VE SEARCHED THE WORLD FOR YOU, DEAR SISTER...
"SISTER"?!!?
... AND NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU...
...LET THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE TREMBLE!
NOT IF HAVOK CAN HELP IT, LADY.
YOU DON'T KNOW IT YET-- BUT YOU'RE FINISHED!
NEXT: FEVER DREAM!

MINUTEMEN
Bluntman